

The Plumb Plan in the Arsenals

THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

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THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

Industrial Education in the Arsenal

IT IS PECULIARLY FORTUNATE at this critical state in the rehabilitation of our economic system that the workers employed in the large government manufacturing arsenals and the managements of these arsenals have at last discovered a fact which, it seems, they never quite realized before. They have come to see that in these plants a true identity of interest exists between the managing group and the working group which has in it possibilities for elevating and perfecting industrial processes and organized relationships. Indeed, we seem at last to be on our way towards developing an example in the technique of conducting industry which holds out a real promise.

The realization of the true alignment of interest between the management and the arsenal workers seems to have been in process of clarification approximately since the entrance of America into the great war. Throughout the emergency, especially at Rock Island Arsenal, the largest of the five, occasional attempts were made to bring about closer cooperation between the supervising agents and the workers. In some of the shops, mainly under the inspiration of patriotism, exceptional results in production were secured. The employees, through self-selected committees, participated actively in the determination of working conditions, wages, and, most important of all, matters vitally affecting shop and method improvement. Thus in isolated cases, which however were none the less confidence-breeding, it was demonstrated that there were untouched resources, could they but be enlisted in the manufacturing and administrative processes of the arsenals, which would result in great benefits.

There is nothing so truly significant about all this as the fact that the full import of these latent possibilities was most clearly seen and understood by the employees themselves. Previous to the Armistice, when the necessity for production of munitions of war was paramount, they took the initiative and proposed ways and means for increasing output. This is illustrated, among other things, by their memorandum to the Secretary of War, in which they stated:

As a result of this (the existence of distrust, the speeding up of production to their detriment, the cutting of

piece work prices, etc.) the men found that their only recourse was to place a deliberate limit on production; thus the aforementioned resourcefulness, ingeniousness and ability of the men, instead of being directed into constructive channels for the purpose of improving production, were diverted into methods for limiting production. Their experience had taught them that when their inventive ability was used constructively it would count against them because it reduced their earnings or resulted sooner or later in discharges or layoffs of their number. The normal progress in the purpose for which the shop existed was consistently retarded or limited.

When the United States entered the war and it became very apparent that maximum production was of the greatest importance, the men in the Leather Shop voluntarily agreed to take off the limits which they had placed on productivity, providing, however, that piece work prices were not reduced without their consent. They felt constrained to insist upon this feature since not only had their past experience taught them that they stood a serious chance of having their earnings cut, but also that they might have to put up with such subterfuges as changes in operation for the purpose of providing arguments to the management to back up their insistence for reducing prices.

After the Armistice was signed and the demands for war necessities declined, the thing of importance to the workers became the stability of their positions. They quickly saw that work must be secured from other sources than the Army if they were not to be laid off in droves to become part of the growing numbers of unemployed. They appealed to the Secretary of War, and in their appeal pointed out that the arsenals might legitimately be utilized for manufacturing equipment for all departments of the government as well as for the Army. Further, they pointed out that it would be desirable and necessary from the point of view of real success in this new venture for them to participate in the functioning of the central agency and the local organizations which would be responsible for securing and turning out work. This program was adopted and has since May of this year been in the process of active development.

The surprising and important thing that has come to the fore in the experience so far gained has been the rapidity of the rise in the sense of responsibility of the workers towards the entire enterprise. At bottom their interests, of course, are economic; but for the first time, in the truest sense of the term, have they come to see that their economic interests do not stop with concern for wages and

working conditions. They realize that by the establishment of the new relationship between themselves and the supervision, they of necessity become responsible for everything that goes on in these plants. Nor is even this, as far as they are concerned, final; for at last they have found the trail towards economic freedom and they begin to see a future which holds out the promise of a most happy environment, one in which they as human beings may find at last a genuine opportunity for true self-expression. Sooner or later, to the fullest extent possible, the premium for all activities in these government industries will be placed upon the individual and collective resourcefulness of the workers. There are no prior liens in the form of interest, profits, and rents. They feel either consciously or unconsciously that they are not serving in an exploiting enterprise, and that in the end, when all who are engaged therein have been completely won away from the heritages of the old system for conducting industry, the individual and united efforts of all the employees, both managers and workers, will achieve results far surpassing anything permanently possible under other circumstances.

That the earnestness and comprehension of these workers towards the ideals herein set forth are not in the least exaggerated is attested by the following taken from their recently published statement to the Secretary of War concerning the entire subject:

It has been gratifying to us to note, many times, that the necessity on the part of the men for economical production is well understood. For instance, at Watervliet Arsenal recently during the noon-day rallies which were being held the appeals of the speakers who were from the workers, were for efficiency. At Watertown some of the men stated that, in the interest of the workers their abilities were limited when it came to functioning on employees' committees, handling grievances, etc.; for they said that that was not their forte. They did not feel able to confront the management in sufficiently forceful ways while prosecuting cases of such a nature. But they said they clearly saw their opportunity in the chances which now existed for functioning on production committees. Their abilities, they felt, lay in that direction and they most enthusiastically welcomed the circumstances which promised them these new opportunities for self expression. At Frankford and Rock Island instances have occurred where the employees have "gotten after" individuals who have not been doing as well as they might. A striking incidence of the splendid spirit of cooperation which automatically develops when the employees are given an incentive and a chance for self expression, recently occurred at the Frankford Arsenal. The Office Department was in the market for a large order for dials for registered mail locks, for which they had previously paid \$45.00 per thousand. Frankford Arsenal submitted an estimate for \$38.00 per thousand, so when the Committee on Estimates informed the employees that they had figured very closely in order that this work could be secured for them, the employees were very eager to express their appreciation of this new condition and volunteered to work

during lunch hour if necessary to live up to their Committee's judgment as to the direct costs.

And further:

It is our conviction, more now than ever before, that before long the opportunity will be ripe for us to secure outside talent in the form of competent management engineers and production experts to advise us as workers what we can do to help improve things, what the management can do, and finally what we and the management can do jointly. We are not unaware of our limitations in this respect, and, when the time comes, we hope sincerely that you and the Chief of Ordnance will gladly extend to us the opportunity to have our technical experts cooperate with the Arsenal management and their experts for the purpose of doing everything possible to warrant the fullest utilization of the arsenals as centers of production. The time will be ripe for this as soon as the basic spirit of cooperation and mutual confidence all through the arsenal organizations has been created.

Such candid recognition of their responsibility as well as their present-day limitations, together with their anxiety for making good in every respect conceivable to them, can come only from a group in society that has not had its ideals distorted by class privilege, and that, in consequence, is quick to respond to the best that human beings are capable of—service to their fellows.

Perhaps above all else it is gratifying to note in this initial step towards true industrial democracy that the collective appeal for improved production does not seem to be on a basis of a share in profits or bonuses or indeed anything which smatters of capitalistic ideals. The simple desire for the permanency of their positions is the motive which is actuating these workers. Upon this foundation, as swiftly as is consistent with genuine progress, they intend to build a temple of true emancipation from present-day industrial slavery.

And the manner in which they are going about this is exactly as it should be. The temple is being built firmly and naturally. The conditions under which these employees have been working, measured by the standard of industry today, are relatively far advanced. The arsenals—located as they are along beautiful rivers, in the hearts of thriving cities, or in delightful country districts, their buildings placed in well-kept parks with shady lawns and pathways, with the picturesque homes of many of the employees nearby—certainly do not present the pictures presented by the great majority of our factories—depressing, unwholesome piles with their miserably squalid associations and surroundings. The workers enjoy a forty-four hour week, a yearly leave of absence of thirty days with pay, injury compensation, medical attention, local cooperative enterprises, and other things commonly considered advantages. The standards of employment are well defined and understood, thanks to the Civil Service. It is but

natural therefore that these workers, employed in an atmosphere in which strife and contention do not exist, should turn their minds and activities into channels of constructive enterprise.

How healthy this development has been is revealed by the nature of its growth. The workers, while contending for maximum utilization of these plants, insisted that this maximum utilization (in which the public as a whole is deeply concerned, for the arsenals have been provided out of public funds) be achieved only when it is guaranteed that they shall participate to the fullest extent possible, individually and collectively, in the functioning of their institutions. They propose to demonstrate to everyone's satisfaction their fitness so to participate and function, and they propose to assume responsibility only as fast as it is proven that they can successfully control it. Certainly no exception can be taken to a program as constructive and well defined as this.

The War Department's opening up of these manufacturing arsenals to industrial democracy will certainly be watched with intense interest. And both because they are engaged in an industrial field not circumscribed by the limitations and encumbered

with the obstacles of private enterprise, and because it is the pioneer experiment in this country in true industrial democracy, we have here, in view of the growing articulateness of labor, a most important phenomenon in process of development. So far there seems to be no question about the good results secured. The measure of success which has followed is undoubtedly due to the wise policy which has permitted the introduction of democracy in these arsenals to proceed spontaneously and normally from the workers. In this way, and only in this way, can progress become true, wholesome, and thorough.

Will the lessons which this experiment teaches be heeded by the Post Office Department, the Navy Department, and the Railroad Administration? Will Congress and the President see its true significance with respect to the serious problems now confronting the country in connection with the final disposition of the steam railways, the government-controlled ship yards? Will the public as a result comprehend and develop confidence in the programs for the democratization of our key industries as proposed and urged by labor?

Civilization and Culture

IT WOULD BE IDLE to praise or blame any fundamental condition of our civilization, say its pre-vaillingly industrial basis, to praise or blame any strand in the warp and woof of its genius. These conditions and these strands must be accepted as basic. They are slowly modifiable, of course, like everything else in the history of man, but radical modification of fundamentals does not seem necessary for the production of a genuine culture, however much readjustment of their relations may be. In other words, a "genuine" culture is perfectly conceivable in any type or stage of civilization and in the mold of any national genius. It can be conceived as easily in terms of a Mohammedan polygamous society or of an American Indian "primitive" non-agricultural society as in those of our familiar Occidental societies. On the other hand, what may by contrast be called "spurious" cultures are just as easily conceivable in conditions of general advanced enlightenment as in those of relative ignorance and squalor.

The "genuine" culture is not of necessity either "high" or "low"; it is merely inherently harmonious, balanced, self-satisfactory. It is the expression of a richly varied and yet somehow unified and consistent attitude towards life, an attitude that sees

the significance of any one element of civilization in relation to all others. It is, ideally speaking, a culture in which nothing is spiritually meaningless, in which no important part of the general functioning brings with it a sense of frustration, of misdirected, or, better, unsympathetic effort. It is not a spiritual hybrid of contradictory patches, of water-tight compartments of consciousness that carefully avoid participation in a harmonious synthesis. If the culture necessitates slavery, it frankly admits it; if it abhors slavery, it feels its way to an economic adjustment that obviates the necessity for slavery. It does not make a great show in its ethical ideals of an uncompromising opposition to slavery, only surreptitiously to introduce what amounts to a slave system into certain portions of its industrial mechanism. Or, if it builds itself magnificent houses of worship, it is because of the necessity it feels to symbolize in beautiful stone a religious impulse that is deep and vital; if it is ready to discard institutionalized religion, it is prepared also to dispense with the homes of institutionalized religion. It does not look sheepish when a direct appeal is made to its religious consciousness and then make amends by furtively donating a few dollars towards the maintenance of an African mission. Nor does it

carefully instruct its children in what it knows to be of no use nor vitality either to them or in its own mature life. Nor does it tolerate a thousand other spiritual maladjustments such as are potent enough in our American life of today to those who care to see. It would be too much to say that even the purest examples of a genuine culture that the world has known have been free of spiritual discords, of the dry rot of social habit, devitalized. But the great cultures, those that we instinctively feel to have been healthy spiritual organisms, such as the Athenian culture of the Age of Pericles and, to a less extent, the English culture of Elizabethan days, have at least tended to such harmony.

It should be clearly understood that this ideal of a genuine culture has no necessary connection with what we are pleased to call efficiency. A society may be admirably efficient in the sense that all its activities are carefully planned with reference to ends of maximum utility to the society as a whole, it may tolerate no lost motion, yet it may well be a very inferior organism indeed as a culture-bearer. It is not enough that the ends of activities be socially satisfactory, that each member of the community feel in some dim way that he is doing his bit towards the attainment of a social benefit. This is all very well as far as it goes, but a genuine culture refuses to consider the individual as a mere cog in a wheel, as an entity whose sole *raison d'être* lies in his subservience to a collective purpose that he is not conscious of or that has only a remote relevancy to his interests and strivings. The major activities of the individual must directly satisfy his own creative and emotional impulses, must always be something more than means to an end. The great cultural fallacy of industrialism, as developed up to the present time, is that in harnessing machines to our uses it has not known how to avoid the harnessing of the majority of mankind to its machines. The telephone girl who, for economic reasons, lends her capacities, during the greater part of the living day, to the manipulation of a technical routine that has an eventually high efficiency value but that answers to no spiritual needs of her own is really an appalling sacrifice to civilization. As a solution of the problem of culture she is necessarily a dismal failure—the more dismal the greater her natural endowment. As with the telephone girl, so, it is to be feared, with the great majority of us, slave-stokers to fires that burn for demons that we would destroy, were it not that they appear in the guise of our highest benefactors. The American Indian that solves the economic problem with salmon-spear and rabbit-snare is, if you like, operating on a relatively low level of civilization, but he represents to my mind an incomparably higher solution than our telephone girl, or, indeed,

than most of us, of the questions that culture has to ask of economics. There is here no question primarily of immediate utility, of the effective directness of economic effort, nor of any sentimentalizing regrets as to the passing of the "natural man." The Indian's salmon-spearing is a culturally higher type of activity than that of the telephone girl or mill hand simply because there is normally no sense of spiritual frustration during its prosecution, no feeling of subservience to tyrannous yet largely inchoate demands, further because it works in naturally and smoothly with all the rest of the Indian's activities instead of standing out as a desert patch of merely economic effort in the whole of life.

We have already seen that there is no necessary correlation between the development of civilization and the relative genuineness of the culture which forms its spiritual essence. This requires a word of further explanation. By the development of civilization is here meant the ever increasing degree of sophistication of our society and of our individual lives. This progressive sophistication is the inevitable cumulative result of the sifting processes of social experience, of the ever increasing complications of our innumerable types of organization, most of all of our steadily growing knowledge of our natural environment and, as a consequence, our practical mastery, for economic ends, of the resources that nature at once grants us and hides from us. It is chiefly the cumulative force of this sophistication that gives us the sense of what we call "progress." Perched on the heights of an office building twenty or more stories taller than our fathers ever dreamed of, we feel that we are getting up in the world. Hurling our bodies through space with an ever accelerating velocity, we feel that we are getting on in the world. Under sophistication I include not merely intellectual and technical advance, but most of the tendencies that make for a cleaner and healthier and, to a large extent, more humanitarian existence. Our growing sophistication, our ever increasing solicitude to obey the dictates of common sense, make these tendencies imperative. It would be sheer obscurantism to wish to stay their progress. But there can be no stranger illusion—and it is an illusion we nearly all suffer from—that because the tools of life are today more specialized and refined than ever before, it necessarily follows that we are in like degrees attaining to a profounder harmony of life, to a deeper and more satisfying culture. It is as though we believed that an elaborate mathematical computation that involved figures of seven and eight digits could not but result in a like figure. Yet we know that 1,000,000 multiplied by zero gives us zero quite as effectively as one multiplied by zero. The truth is that sophistication, which is

what we ordinarily mean by the progress of civilization, is, in the long run, a merely quantitative concept that defines the external conditions for the growth or decay of culture. We are right to have faith in the progress of civilization. We are wrong to assume that the maintenance or even advance of culture is a function of such progress. A reading of the facts of ethnology and culture history proves plainly that maxima of culture have been frequently reached in low levels of sophistication, very sorry minima in some of the highest. Civilization, as a whole, moves on; culture comes and goes.

Every profound change in the flow of civilization, particularly in its economic bases, tends to bring about an unsettling and readjustment of culture values. Old culture forms, habitual types of reaction, tend to persist through the forces of inertia. The maladjustment of these habitual reactions to their new civilizational environment brings with it a measure, sometimes acute, of spiritual disharmony, which the more sensitive individuals feel eventually as a fundamental lack of culture. Sometimes the maladjustment corrects itself with great rapidity, at other times it may persist for generations, as in the case of America, where a chronic state of cultural maladjustment has for so long a period reduced much of our higher life to sterile externality. It is easier, generally speaking, for a genuine culture to subsist on a lower level of civilization: the differentiation of individuals as regards their social and economic functions is so much less than in higher levels that there is far less danger of the reduction of the individual to an unintelligible splinter of the social trunk. How to reap the undeniable benefits of great differentiation of functions without at the same time losing sight of the individual as a nucleus of live cultural values is the great and difficult problem of any rapidly complicating civilization. We are far from having solved it in America. Indeed, it may be doubted whether more than an insignificant minority are aware of the very existence of the problem. Yet the present world-wide labor unrest has as one of its deepest roots some sort of dim perception of the cultural fallacy of the present form of industrialism. For this reason it should be welcomed. A civilization that has attained to such ethical consciousness as we now possess and yet is, for the most part, based on helotry is hardly worth saving.

It is perhaps the sensitive ethnologist who has studied an aboriginal civilization at first hand that is most impressed by the frequent vitality of culture in less sophisticated levels. He cannot but admire the well-rounded life of the average participant in, let us say, the civilization of a typical American Indian tribe; the firmness with which every part of

that life—economic, social, religious, and esthetic—is bound together into a significant whole in respect to which he is far from a passive pawn; above all, the molding, oftentimes definitely creative, role that he plays in the mechanism of his culture. When the political integrity of his tribe is destroyed by contact with the whites, and the old cultural values cease to have the atmosphere needed for their continued vitality, the Indian is apt to find himself in a state of bewildered vacuity. Even if, as not infrequently happens, he succeeds in making a fairly satisfactory compromise with his new environment, in making what his well-meaning patronizers consider great progress towards enlightenment, towards civilization, he is apt to retain an uneasy sense of the loss of some great but ill-defined good, some state of mind which he would be hard put to it to define but which gave him a courage and joy that latter-day prosperity never quite seems to have regained for him. What has happened is that he has slipped out of the warm embrace of a culture into the cold air of a fragmentary existence. What is sad about the passing of the Indian is not the depletion of his numbers by disease nor even the contempt that is too often meted out to him in his life on the reservation; it is the fading away of a series of cultures, built out of the materials of a low order of sophistication, but genuine.

We have no right to demand of the higher levels of sophistication that they preserve to the individual his manifold functioning, but we may well ask whether, as a surrogate, the individual may not reasonably demand an intensification in cultural value, a spiritual heightening, of such functions as are left him. Failing this, he must be frankly admitted to have, in a cultural sense, not progressed but retrograded. The limitation in functioning works chiefly in the economic sphere. It is therefore imperative, if the individual is to preserve his value as a cultured being, that he recoup himself out of the non-economic, the non-utilitarian spheres—social, religious, scientific, esthetic. This idea of compensation brings to view an important issue, that of the immediate and the remoter ends of human effort.

As a mere organism, man's only function is to exist; in other words, to keep himself alive and to propagate his kind. Hence the procuring of food, clothing, and shelter for himself and those dependent on him constitutes the immediate end of his effort. There are civilizations, like that of the Eskimo, in which by far the greater part of man's energy is consumed in the satisfaction of these immediate ends. There are practically no civilizations, however, in which at least some of the available energy is not set free for the remoter ends, though, as a rule, these remoter ends are by a process of

rationalization made to seem to contribute to the immediate ones. (A magical ritual, for instance, which, psychologically considered, seems to liberate and give form to powerful emotional and esthetic elements of our nature, is nearly always put in harness to some humdrum utilitarian end—the catching of rabbits or the curing of chicken pox.) As a matter of fact, there are very few of even the "primitive" civilizations that do not consume an exceedingly large share of their energies in the pursuit of the remoter ends, though it remains true that these remoter ends are nearly always functionally or pseudo-functionally interwoven with the immediate ends. Art for art's sake may be a psychological fact on these less sophisticated levels; it is certainly not a cultural fact.

On our own level of civilization the remoter ends tend to split off altogether from the immediate ones and to assume the form of a spiritual escape or refuge from the pursuit of the latter. The separation of the two classes of ends is never absolute nor can it ever be; it is enough to note the presence of a powerful drift of the two away from each other. It is easy to demonstrate this drift by examples taken out of our daily experience. Thus, while in most primitive civilizations the dance is apt to be a ritual activity at least ostensibly associated with purposes of an economic nature, it is with us a merely and self-consciously pleasurable activity that not only splits off from the sphere of the pursuit of immediate ends but even tends to assume a position of hostility to that sphere. In a primitive civilization a great chief dances as a matter of course, oftentimes as a matter of exercising a peculiarly honored privilege. With us the captain of industry either refuses to dance at all or does so as a half-contemptuous concession to the vagaries of social custom. On the other hand, the artist of a Ballet Russe has sublimated the dance to an exquisite instrument of self-expression, has succeeded in providing himself with an adequate or even more than adequate cultural recompense for his loss of mastery in the realm of direct ends. The captain of industry is one of the comparatively small class of individuals that has inherited, in vastly complicated form, something of the feeling of control over the attainment of direct ends that belongs by cultural right to primitive man; the ballet dancer has saved and intensified for himself the feeling of spontaneous participation and creativeness in the world of indirect ends that also belong by cultural right to primitive man. Each has saved part of the wreckage of a submerged culture for himself.

The psychology of direct and indirect ends undergoes a gradual modification, only partly consummated as yet, in the higher levels of civilization.

The immediate ends continue to exercise the same tyrannical sway in the ordering of our lives, but as our spiritual selves become enriched and develop a more and more inordinate craving for subtler forms of experience, there develops also an attitude of impatience with the solution of the more immediate problems of life. In other words, the immediate ends cease to be felt as chief ends and gradually become necessary means, but only means, towards the attainment of the more remote ends. These remoter ends, in turn, so far from being looked upon as purely incidental activities that result from the spilling over of an energy concentrated almost entirely on the pursuit of the immediate ends, become the chief ends of life. This change of attitude is implied in the statement that the art, science, religion of a higher civilization best express its "spirit" or culture. The transformation of ends thus briefly outlined is far from an accomplished fact; it is rather an obscure drift in the history of values, an expression of the volition of the more sensitive participants in our culture. Certain temperaments feel themselves impelled far along the drift, others lag behind. The captains of industry are the virtuosos among the laggards.

The transformation of ends is of the greatest cultural importance, because it acts as a powerful force for the preservation of culture in levels in which a fragmentary economic functioning of the individual is inevitable. So long as the individual retains a sense of control over the major goods of life he is able to take his place in the cultural patrimony of his people. Now that the major goods of life have shifted so largely from the realm of immediate to that of remote ends, it becomes a cultural necessity for all who would not be looked upon as disinherited to share in the pursuit of these remoter ends. No harmony and depth of life, no culture, is possible when activity is well-nigh circumscribed by the sphere of immediate ends and when functioning within that sphere is so fragmentary as to have no inherent intelligibility or interest. Right here is the grimmest joke of our present American civilization. The vast majority of us, deprived of any but an insignificant and culturally abortive share in the satisfaction of the immediate wants of mankind, are further deprived of both opportunity and stimulation to share in the production of non-utilitarian values. Part of the time we are dray-horses; the rest of the time, if such time is vouchsafed us, we are listless consumers of goods that have received no least impress of our own personality. In other words, our spiritual selves go hungry, for the most part, pretty much all of the time.

EDWARD SAPIR.

The Responsibility for Leadership

JUST NOW A MAN from Alabama was saying to me: "After this America will lead the world. We have turned the scales in the war. We have raised money. We have made an army. We have built ships. We have gone after the world's commerce. We have given other countries great ideas. The world looks to us, and we are going to come through." At this a Kansan became eloquent on the "mission" of the United States: "We are going to show these peoples how they ought to govern themselves. We'll step in and start them right if they don't seem to get the idea. We'll send some of our boys into Russia, or Austria, or Mexico, if necessary, for it's up to us to see that the mess these people have made for themselves is straightened out." Something of this sort, in endless variety, crops up today in everybody's mind. The world looks to America, and we are conscious of it; a cataclysm has awakened us to the existence of the rest of the world, and, in the enthusiasm of our discovery, we should like to set everything right through the exercise of American leadership.

Actually, there is one great obstacle to such a program, and that is our own ignorance. We are one and all eager to see the prestige which the United States possesses at this moment extended into the future, but we do not stop to consider what this involves. No small proportion of the American people believes today that we should "go into" Mexico with some millions of soldiers and "establish order." The average man's conception of leadership is personal domination, and ordering others around. It requires a distinct effort on his part to realize that the principle of "self-determination," of growth through the exercise of individual responsibility, must apply equally to persons and political groups. It requires a still greater effort for him to understand that the only leadership which can possibly promote human advancement is a leadership in knowledge and ideas. Leadership based upon force and physical power cannot permanently be maintained; leadership in knowledge cannot be overthrown through the vicissitudes of battle. Greece, conquered, led captive imperial Rome. If, then, we would exercise leadership in the world, this must be intellectual leadership; if we would play a leading role in shaping the destinies of other human aggregations, we must accept the obligation of preparing ourselves for the part we express our willingness to play.

The kind of preparedness, then, which American leadership in the world demands is knowledge. If we are to enter into relations with other peoples—

Lithuanians, Ruthenians, Ukrainians, Vlachs, Slovenes, Albanians—we must know everything possible about them, about the conditions under which they live, and about the countries which they inhabit. If we are to lend a hand in remaking the world for them, we must understand their ambitions, their customs, and their ideas. If we are to advise them, and to pass judgment upon their efforts towards democracy, we must know how they have been governed. It is not a simple matter to find out how men are governed or govern themselves. How do we govern ourselves? "By the Constitution," you may say. Well, Latin-American republics have taken over our constitution without getting a government like ours. There is more in any government than appears in its formal documents; to comprehend it you must endeavor to grasp the spirit in which the government is carried on.

To be effective, leadership must be based on knowledge. If we as a people are to play a successful part in the new world of the future, we must be prepared, we must have knowledge. And this knowledge, this preparedness, must be individual. There is no country, no nation, apart from the actual living men and women of which it is composed. There is no knowledge in a country except what has been acquired by individuals. The responsibility of our country is a responsibility which must be accepted by each separate person within it. We believe in democracy, but do we take it to heart that the very essence of democracy consists in the power of the average man to decide great questions by his vote? Think of it. You accept President Wilson as one of the greatest of men; you know he has devoted his life to the study of political problems, and yet, as a voter, you will pass judgment, without hesitation, and without putting yourself to great inconvenience, upon the merits of any recommendation he may put forward. This is democracy, and, without study, we decide questions that may affect the welfare of the world. This is democracy, but if it is to endure we must each face the responsibility for the exercise of this great power. Let us be fair with our own aspirations, let us be fair with the faith of those in other countries who have been inspired with the idea of America—democracy is on trial, and it will fail if the individual citizen shirks his responsibility.

That the citizen may know, knowledge must be available. At the present moment, knowledge is not available in this country to anything like the same extent that it is in Germany. We have been

fighting Germany with German books. The Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry, last September, pointed out that, as a war measure, we must reprint here, and in German, Beilstein's handbook of organic chemistry! In Germany knowledge in every field is made available in the form of systematic handbooks which contain the results of all the special researches of scholars throughout the world. Here we have no such highly developed aids to leadership.

Confronted with a certain superiority in learning on the part of the Germans, we have taken, since the war, altogether too much comfort from the idea that Germans are not original, that the epoch-making discoveries in science have all come from Allied countries. Granted that Germany has been deficient in genius of the highest order, let us grasp the fact that, once started, the new lines of work (like the dye industry) have owed their orderly and systematic development to the German capacity for taking pains. Before we condemn the Germans for appropriating other men's ideas, for being mere hack-workers in science and scholarship, let us remember that they have made the world their debtor for the systematic presentation of available knowledge. The fact is that, for the German who desires to know, knowledge is available in his own language to an extent undreamed of in other countries, and the special sources from which our university teachers draw are the common wells accessible to all the German people.

The American man, occupied in making his own contribution to the common welfare, cannot leave manufacturing or selling to organize special fields of learning. But the community maintains a body of men whose everyday work is the systematization of knowledge, and the community has a right to expect the university professor to make knowledge available in any form required by the American people. That this has not been done already is to be explained by the fact that the work of universities is not developed in immediate contact with life; the subjects of instruction, like the college campus, are ordinarily remote from the stress of active existence. The time has come, however, when our institutions of higher learning must reconsider the nature of the service they are rendering to the people who maintain them.

Up to the present, colleges have limited their efforts to the instruction of "college students." The instruction offered has been stereotyped and formal; the subjects taught have been the crystallized products of an outworn tradition. Meanwhile, the men and women for whom this lifeless instruction is provided, have discovered for themselves that the value of their four years lies, not in what the professor

offers, but in the associations with other students which they establish for the future. "Graduation," the completion of a course, is regarded not as a sign of proficiency in learning but as a necessity for establishing an unquestioned identity with the group.

In contrast with this old regime, the point of view we must grasp is that the university is the only agency we have in our democracy for the enlargement and dissemination of knowledge. In the United States we have no leisure class which cultivates learning as its object in life. Our leisure class consists mainly of women over forty, and they have not yet begun to devote themselves to scholarship. It is true that university authorities have laid great stress upon "original research" and "productive scholarship." It is true that investigation has been held up as the highest aim of the professor's career, and that presidents, in annual reports, have printed unnumbered and forgotten lists of the "original contributions" of college faculties. All this is a recognition of the fact that the search for new knowledge is essential both for the individual and the world, and the idea that this search should be emphasized in universities, though introduced from Germany, is radically sound. With us, however, the results obtained have been undistinguished and often trivial, for here "publication" has been set up as the road to promotion and higher pay, and on this account exaggerated weight has been laid upon productions essentially unimportant and immature. The trouble is that all judgments in regard to university work have been based upon the narrow criteria of university life, and without thought to the larger public which the university is called upon to serve.

In the new world before us the function of the university can no longer be confined to the instruction of a limited body of students. The future of democracy requires that the university should assume the obligation for the intellectual leadership of the country at large. The university teacher is occupied in systematizing knowledge for presentation to college classes, he must now undertake to systematize it for the use of men and women in the open world. This democracy of ours requires that the means of knowledge must be at the disposition of all the people, and American leadership turns upon the ability of the American professor to emerge from his seclusion to discover the intellectual needs of his fellows, and to provide for them.

But the service which the university professor is called upon to render in the interests of American leadership does not end here. The war has shown that the world is ruled by ideas. Ideas, it has been discovered, are instruments by which men are

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moved, by which upheavals are accomplished. Following Germany, every country has, in the course of the last four years, set up a ministry of propaganda. The German means for influencing ideas have, however, been carried far beyond the distribution of obviously one-sided literature and the subsidizing of newspapers. In the field of science and scholarship, at least, Germany's intellectual propaganda has been based upon the conception of rendering vital and necessary service to the world. The German has understood, as few others, the importance of making himself indispensable. So he has created a vast apparatus of scholarship, a set of tools for intellectual workers, upon which students everywhere are forced to rely. As a result the American scholar and scientist is dependent upon German organization of knowledge, and is inevitably led to accept German orientation of his scientific ideas. We are thus faced by the strange situation that, whereas the effectiveness of American industry and the alertness of American soldiers have triumphed over German military power, American scholarship and teaching continue to be dominated by German system and ideas. There can be but one response to this condition of affairs: American thought and scientific interest must be freed from German intellectual tradition, and set upon the way

of its own intellectual growth. Concretely, this means that we who have hitherto been inconspicuous in the world of scholarship must contest an acknowledged German leadership in every field of scientific endeavor. In a very real sense, therefore, the prestige of America is now in the hands of its university men.

The events of the last four years have opened the eyes of men to immeasurable possibilities. An old world has passed away, the new one to follow has not yet taken form. We face one of those great opportunities in the world's history when all things seem possible, when advances of bewildering magnitude seem assured, when man appears for a golden moment in a creative role. Very shortly the heavy hand of the accustomed will have once more fixed our ways, and the world will have become crystallized for another epoch. At this moment the opportunity exists for an American leadership of the world, if we may grasp it. There can, however, be no such leadership without an independent and effective intellectual life. Without this we might exercise the power of Rome, and still remain under the tutelage of some modern Greece. Is it necessary to ask the question? Is Germany, defeated, to be our Greece?

FREDERICK JOHN TEGGART.

The Scholar Too Late

IF YOU ARE FAMILIAR with the erudite and uninteresting in literature you will know that Professor Maurice has no rival as an authority in Restoration drama. The knowledge of this may prejudice you against him unduly. I know of no other lecturer so perennially, though perhaps also none more ephemeral entertaining. He is hardly more than forty-five—spare, erect, and gravely boyish. His bearing in the lecture room is instinct with grace and courtesy. He speaks with a flashing, pointed ease, each sentence like a stiletto stroke in the sunlight. As in the days when we made a cult of him he holds his crowded classes with whimsical spells, deft of voice and word. He has refined on the methods I remember. There was a time when he was slightly melodramatic; when he was not above affecting a barely perceptible quaver in the voice over pathetic passages, when the oratorical pause was in daily requisition after periods delicately evolved. But he has shed crudities with his youth, and captures the willing ear with the more subtle charms of a rich careful cadence. He is more nearly himself before his audience, and his self is calculatingly attractive. The strength of his appeal seems to have been dependent mainly on the sparkling quality of

his mind. The sparkle remains, but behind it there is a perceptible and quite real shadow. His swift easy gestures and cultured merriment over the things of literary yesterdays have the tragic meaning of a gay harlequin before a tall sable curtain. The curtain is a perspective of saddened years. He plays for this effect, of course, but it is not all mere excellent acting. He sees himself as a potential hero defeated by relentless destiny. It is strange that the maidens who throng to hear him never guess themselves the figurative mill-stone about his neck, never apply personally the resentment and discontent with his lot so implicit under his charming surface in this later style and mood. He loathes lecturing. He loathes theses and philology. These things he tolerates, he will tell you in private with open bitterness, to make a living. What he would really like would be to write great poetry and great plays. I think he knows now in a subconscious fashion that he could never have done these things had he had infinite leisure. But he must excuse himself somehow. He puts the odium on a life of drudgery, and mourns in secret, meanwhile transmuting his unhappiness, in public, into an indispensable popularity. It is still the vogue for freshman girls to fall in love with

him. The flowing tie, the suave melancholy of a Hamlet efficiently banished—these and a handsome face make him the great drawing card of the English department.

Ten years ago he had gathered about him a little band of university students who tried to write and who were—for those days—radicals. Eight or ten of us would sit about his fireplace once a month or so, smoking in Tennysonian attitudes into the night, and discussing Socialism or Fitzgerald's plays from the Spanish. Later we would draw out manuscripts in turn, reading them aloud in self-conscious voices, writhing under criticism as is the way of mortals. On rare occasions one of us would achieve publication, thereafter sitting in flushed dignity to hear the envious plaudits of our fellows. Then we could discount in private, but Maurice's word was law to us in esthetics. It was his custom to wait until the others had spoken before he made his brief pointed comment—always a bit malicious, always convincingly just. It made up a great part of our respect for him that he had published early and had three volumes of verse to his credit. Sometimes, not often, his work was printed in *The Century* or *Scribner's*. Then he would expand a bit, and hint of marvelous things he hoped to do, opening vistas of other cities and great personages he had known. Perhaps we all distrusted his optimism somewhat, but we saw the literary world through him, and it was hard to judge.

There were days following a flood of rejection slips when he would advert bitterly to his standing in the University. Because he believed in literature, and not only in its dry bones, because he chose to write of his own times rather than for the *Journal of Modern Philology*, other men were promoted over his head. He would say ruefully though with playfulness that it would pay any young idealistic instructor to put his scruples in his pocket and write a dull paper or two. Once, when asked to take a place on a philological program to fill a sudden vacancy, he evolved over night a novel and startling theory concerning the rhythms of *Beowulf* which made the doctors thoughtful. He chuckled over this feat, and brought the essay out for our delectation, treating the episode as a mad prank, a sort of practical joke on the pundits. They had told him it was one of the best papers ever listed in their series. And he admitted that it probably was. He named over a fanciful list of subjects that had occurred to him for similar treatment—*Styles of Beards in Chaucer*, *A Shadwell Concordance*, *The Use of Poisons in Webster's Dramas*. "You think I'm joking," he said suddenly, turning on us, "but there isn't one of those ideas that wouldn't get across."

In this same year he published two papers in the *Modern Language Review* on *The Authenticity of Accepted Anglo-Saxon Word-Root Derivations*. They were received with something as nearly approaching acclaim as the academic world has ever shown.

But all this was forgotten in the delirious unbelievable days that followed the acceptance of one of his earlier plays, *The King Can Do No Wrong*, by a Broadway producer. Here was not only great glory in the offing, but great wealth. Our excitement brought us together oftener than usual, and we discussed gravely what we had heard of royalties. Maurice read the play to us, stopping often for comment or suggestion; words were changed, and delicate distinctions of phrase discussed. Even then and to our uninitiated circle the construction seemed a bit weak, though none of us had the courage to say so. And the dialogue in spots was unbelievably clever. The play ran an actual two weeks. In the blaze of this success our misgivings withered and our admiration flared up afresh. But the play seems to have rather baffled those who attended it. There was no very discoverable theme for one thing, and in place of plot an ingeniously piled shaky structure of dramatic tricks, capped with dazzling repartee. For a few days we exchanged press notices, but this soon became a gloomy business to be avoided. One critic referred to the play as reminiscent of the young Moliere. This was at once its greatest compliment and a fairly accurate estimate.

Just how heavy a blow the failure was to him we never knew. I remember that he came very quietly into the room that evening, reading a manuscript intently, flushed, intoxicated with a new enthusiasm. It was an effective entrance whether planned or instinctive. We waited a moment before he looked up. He was quieter than usual, but incandescent. We chatted as was our custom, meanwhile conscious as himself of some glowing secret that transformed him. When the reading began he brought out three poems in free verse written in a seven-fold heat the afternoon before we came. He was confident he had struck a new vein. For some years he had attacked free verse with sharp irony. It was a subject that gave scope to his brilliant invective. And now he had deserted with startling suddenness to the opposition. The poems, daring in subject and phrase, compact of accurate observation, were undeniably good. They were published somewhere in series, and made something of a stir, though he seems never to have done so well again. Meanwhile his plans were magnificent enough, and we were caught up with his elation. He dropped the whole subject of dramatics without explanations and went over to

poetry, digging out his ancient files of manuscript, and planning a volume. We followed his lead unquestioningly, put away our one-act plays, and began to do lyrics once more.

But when our group left the University he was slowly going over to the enemy. He had failed at the thing he believed in, living literature; and he had made several magnificent successes without effort in philological criticism. In the intervening years he has faced squarely about. He has taken the little worked subject of Restoration drama as his province, and set his keen mind to clearing it of doubt. There can be no question that his work is exceptionally well done. There is in this country no scholar who can vie with him as an authority on Wycherley or Dryden. His massive comparative analysis of the texts of *All for Love* and *Antony and Cleopatra* ranks with the work of the best European scholars. The intellect that worked so uncertainly at creative effort has functioned in research with uncanny surety and insight. The work of Furness is irritatingly muddy beside Maurice's crystal exposition. But he has not

got the coveted full professorship. This is the symbol and the reality of his disappointment. When he gave himself up to the ideals of German scholarship the country was definitely for the first time turning from them. He has made himself at great pains master of an outworn technique. His concession was made too late. The gods have rejected his unwilling, tardy sacrifice. It is still as a lecturer to undergraduates that he holds his place and makes himself invaluable. To be sure he is the one man who cannot see clearly his own situation nor understand the inevitable forces that array themselves against his new-found, hard-won position. In the evenings, in all free hours, he works at a steadily growing and monumental masterpiece of old school commentary, his *Restoration Dictionary*, and in the mornings he faces as in his youth the flooding, wearing tides of uninformed humanity; with every year quieter, sadder, more subtly ironical—idolized, hero-worshiped, and with no escape.

MAXWELL ANDERSON.

Li Tai Po

So, Master, the wine gave you something,
I suppose.

I think I see you,
Your silks all disarranged,
Lolling in a green-marble pavilion,
Ogling the concubines of the Emperor's Court
Who pass the door
In yellow coats, and white jade ear-drops,
Their hair pleated in folds like the hundred
clouds.
I watch you,
Hiccupping poetry between drinks,
Sinking as the sun sinks,
Sleeping for twenty-four hours,
While they peek at you,
Giggling,
Through the open door.

You found something in the wine,
I imagine,
Since you could not leave it,
Even when, after years of wandering,
You sat in the boat with one sail,
Traveling down the zigzag rivers
On your way back to Court.

You had a dream,
I conjecture.
You saw something under the willow-lights
of the water
Which swept you to dizziness,

So that you toppled over the edge of the boat,
And gasped, and became your dream.

Twelve hundred years
Or thereabouts.
Did the wine do it?
I would sit in the purple moonlight
And drink three hundred cups,
If I believed it.
Three hundred full cups,
After your excellent fashion,
While in front of me
The river-dazzle ran before the moon,
And the light flaws of the evening wind
Scattered the notes of nightingales
Loosely among the kuai trees.

They erected a temple to you:
"Great Doctor,
Prince of Poetry,
Immortal man who loved drink."

I detest wine,
And I have no desire for the temple,
Which under the circumstances
Is fortunate.
But I would sacrifice even sobriety
If, when I was thoroughly drunk,
I could see what you saw
Under the willow-clouded water,
The day you died.

AMY LOWELL.

The Organization of Teachers in the United States

THE WORLD WAR has changed many of our old conceptions. We take for granted many things that would have been considered impossible five years ago. A strike of actors or policemen is accepted with a degree of equanimity that seems almost startling. Firemen and government employees are organizing and affiliating with organized labor as if it were quite the common thing. And most remarkable of all is the fact that even teachers are acquiring the knowledge of group-consciousness.

Slow and painful has been the progress of the teacher toward a realization that his salvation lies in joining together with his fellows for the protection of his economic status. And still more slowly has come the realization of the part he must play in the protection of the interests of the children and the schools against grasping politicians and vested interests anxious to maintain control of the schools to prevent "insidious" theories from finding their way through their sacred portals.

With few exceptions, teachers are still grouped in associations, supposedly for cultural purposes and for the advancement of the profession. The basis of organization is generally the position of the teacher in the educational scheme of things. There are associations of kindergarten teachers, of elementary, upper elementary, or high school teachers. Or the subject taught may form the basis, as for example associations of biology teachers, or history teachers, and so forth. The number of associations in a single city is generally large. In New York City there are at present more than fifty. Above all these is the National Education Association, to which all teachers of whatever grade are eligible. At its annual conventions, held at the beginning of the summer vacation, all teachers are expected to flock to receive the message of the leaders of the teaching profession, of government, and business. Innumerable speakers will dilate upon the glories of the teachers' mission, various "experts" will discuss the many phases of the teachers' work, and the much harrassed teacher will derive therefrom as much comfort as he can.

The various teachers' associations have in common the complete divorce between the teacher and his economic problems, which the steady increase in the cost of living is tending to break down. The National Education Association has lately taken a very decided interest in the poor salaries paid to teachers. Teachers' associations are generally led by a principal or superintendent, to provide a dignified foreground for their activities. This arrangement also

helps to discourage teachers from giving their attention to anything more serious than organizing picnics or outings, or arranging courses of study for that "self-improvement" of the teachers, which really means obeying the principals' orders. In fairness it must be stated that until very lately teachers were quite satisfied with their inferior position, and objected very strongly to any effort to improve it. They accepted an arrangement whereby everything was determined for them, including salary, hours, and other conditions. They were satisfied to be rated every six months by their "superiors," to be bullied and scolded by their principals; to be told what to think, what to teach, and what to read, or not to read. As long as teachers' associations confined themselves to the consideration of such harmless pastimes as the study of pedagogic methods and scrupulously abstained from critical discussion of social and economic problems, and as long as they maintained a superior aloofness from the everyday problems of the world about them, their associations were regarded with benevolent interest and approval—when they were not entirely ignored.

Such an attitude on the part of the authorities and the teachers could have but one result, namely to keep our schools in a state of complete stagnation. Everywhere we find that initiative was discouraged and even punished; ideas were penalized; slavish following of routine was rewarded. Through their power to "hire and fire" educational authorities were able to prevent the growth of any serious opposition among the ranks of those who attempted to raise the status of the teacher.

The utter failure of the school system to solve the problems confronting it has been so obvious that widespread demands in the last ten years have been made in many parts of the country for an investigation. A series of surveys were instituted in a great number of cities, which produced excellent reports, but which resulted in very little practical benefit. Professor McMurray, of the Hanus Investigating Committee, came near to putting his finger on the sore spot, when he pointed out that one of the besetting sins of the school system was the general lack of initiative among the teachers, and the results that follow from this condition.

But it was the teachers of Chicago that first came to the realization that conditions needed improvement, and that this improvement must come through their united efforts and not through the benevolent acts of friendly officials. Nineteen years ago the maximum salary in Chicago was \$825 a year, or \$16

a week, attained after eleven years of service. Exasperated by the meanness and trickery of a city which pleaded that an empty treasury made an increase impossible, they determined to show the city where it could get the money.

A quiet investigation quickly brought to light the fact that several large and powerful corporations had systematically evaded the payment of their taxes. In spite of the refusal of the city authorities to aid them, the teachers succeeded in forcing these delinquent corporations to disgorge about \$600,000 a year in taxes, after a vigorous legal battle. When the victory of the teachers was certain, the city calmly proceeded to raise the salaries not of the teachers but of the policemen.

It was then that the teachers felt the need of a strong union; and upon the invitation of the Chicago Federation of Labor, then as now led by those militant leaders, Fitzpatrick and Olander, they determined to affiliate with organized labor in order to secure the support which they needed and which they could get from no other source. As a result of this aid, the maximum salaries have since been increased from \$825 a year to \$1,800. In addition to this, the teachers, through their affiliation with labor, have learned to understand labor's problems. They aided in the strikes of the pressmen and newsboys, the garment workers, and coal miners. They fought hard for woman suffrage. Ella Flagg Young had their untiring support in her fight to free the public schools from politicians and text-book companies. The efforts of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association to separate the children of the workers from the children of the rich, by relegating the poor into the manual schools and reserving the academic schools for the rich, was quickly exposed by the teachers. They also fought for the use of the public schools as social centers.

It was not until May 1914, that the teachers of Cleveland organized the second teachers' union. It had a very short life, however. The Superintendent of Schools regarded a union with great disfavor and at once discharged six of the leaders, all of them excellent teachers of long experience. Although an injunction had been secured to prevent such action, the upper courts sustained the right of the Superintendent to discharge the union leaders. The next successful effort was made in New York. In March 1916, one thousand teachers organized the Teachers' Union of New York. Following this, within a few months, unions were organized in Gary, Ind.; Scranton, Pa., and Washington, D. C. In May 1916, these unions together with the three in Chicago formally launched the American Federa-

tion of Teachers, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, and adopted the American Teacher as its official organ.

The American Federation of Teachers, commonly known as the A. F. of T., was not formed merely for the protection of the economic interests of the teachers, important as that is. Its motto—Democracy in Education: Education for Democracy—best sums up what it stands for. It aims, in other words, to transform the present subordinate and subservient position which the teacher occupies into that of a sharer in the great work of education. It demands first of all permanency of tenure, based on meritorious service, and not upon the whim of a School Board. It demands further that teachers be granted a direct share in the management of the school, in the formulation of courses of study, in the selection of principals, and in the determination of school policies. It demands representation for teachers on boards of education, and teachers' trial courts. That the teacher is at present sadly unprepared to assume such functions is readily admitted. Long years of serfdom have tended to unfit the teacher to play the part which he should of right play. But just as the organized railroad workers are insisting that the only democratic solution of railroad problems is to entrust them to those who are best acquainted with the industry, so the A. F. of T. insists that the only way to maintain a democratic school system is to manage it democratically, and not autocratically as at present. It demands that teachers be entrusted with this power and responsibility not only because it would help to develop a new type of teacher, but also because it would bring to bear upon the problems of the school all the teacher's varied experience.

The work of teachers' unions has met with determined opposition on the part of school boards, who fear the growth of group-consciousness or group-power among teachers lest it threaten the existing control of the schools, so satisfactory to the powers that be. The Chicago union in particular had aroused the unrelenting opposition of the powerful corporations. In June 1916, thirty-eight of the officers and active members of the Union were discharged, although all had been rated "excellent" or "very good." In spite of the fact that public opinion was on the side of the teacher, the corporation-dominated Board of Education received the support of the Supreme Court of Illinois, which decided, on appeal, that the Board could discharge a teacher "because she is married, or unmarried; is, or is not a member of a trades union, or whether no reason is given." A year later a truce was patched up between the Board and the union, whereby the discharged teachers were reappointed on con-

dition that the Federation end its affiliation with Labor and be dissolved.

The New York Union has been under constant attack since its very inception. Taking advantage of the war hysteria, the School Board, through vague charges of lukewarm loyalty, was able to discharge some of the active union teachers. The climax in this policy of union-baiting came in April 1919, when, following a Free Speech meeting held by the Union, the Board prohibited the Union from holding any more meetings in the schools. It also decided to investigate the "life, loyalty and activities" of every member of the Union. Its effort to carry out this inquisition was balked by the refusal of the officers to answer any questions about their activities, because they mistrusted the proceedings, and because all the Central Labor Union bodies, representing a half million organized workers, rallied enthusiastically to the support of the teachers. That a new spirit had entered the teaching body is evident from the fact that over three

hundred Union members signed a statement that if the officers were guilty, they were equally guilty; and that if the officers were to be punished, they must be punished also. Similar persecution of a teacher in Washington, D. C., resulted in so vigorous a counter-attack upon the Board on the part of the organized teachers and workers that the Board was glad to allay the discontent it had aroused by granting the teachers the right to form a school council which must be consulted by the Board in all matters of policy.

In spite of opposition the A. F. of T. has grown from 3,000 members in September 1918, to over 10,000 in June 1919, with 103 branches in almost as many cities. The effort to place the profession upon a self-respecting basis will not down. For teachers have learned that unless they are entrusted with a vital share in the work of managing the schools, there is no hope for the schools—or the profession.

BENJAMIN GLASSBERG.

The Place of the Community in the School

NO PHASE OF EDUCATIONAL EXPERIMENT has been so rich in suggestion as the attempt to restore the community to the school. At bottom no other effort has been so poor in accomplishment. The educational system of New York or Boston or Chicago is still a self-contained unit, revolving within that wider system called the educational world; and at best the grammar schools have only treated the word "community" as another element in their program which must be parsed and defined and exemplified and—endlessly talked about.

Nevertheless, both in America and England, small educational groups have supplemented the cut-and-dried dietary of formal education with a fresher and more appetizing kind of educational fare, culled from the contemporary workaday community. It may be worth while to examine definitely the nature of these experiments before attempting to appraise their weakness in bringing about any large scale renovation comparable to that which is now going on in industry.

In America the attempt to bring the community into the school has taken the form of making the school itself a miniature community. The Gary plan for work, play, and study throughout the day is an example. The school plant itself is treated not as something apart from the book and paper equipment of the classroom but as a genuine educational equipment in its own right. Repairs are made in the building, its heating plant kept up, and its grounds are groomed in the interest of the learning pupil

as well as by reason of practical necessity. The new school is really a justification of the educational insight of Mr. Squeers; for apart from the purely fortuitous brutality of Dickens' villain his chief monstrosity consists in having been born out of his due time. In the Porter School described by Evelyn Dewey (*New Schools for Old*; Dutton) the attempt is made to bring about the direct participation of the adult community, so that the mechanical partition between the school and the family, between academic work and "real" work, between study and life shall be broken down. While making contacts with the common stock of all lands and ages, the school absorbs itself in the activities of the community and acts as a meeting point for local and universal interests. Thus by turns, as demonstrators and lecturers in agriculture and the domestic arts were brought into Porter township, the school became the community's farm, its kitchen, its workshop, its forum.

In both the examples of Gary and Porter the essential point is the realization that the community itself is richer in educational resource than the school. The extent to which a child can live a well-rounded life during his school period is dependent upon the ability of the school to provide him with the cultural background of a complete community. In essence, the grammar school of Renaissance tradition was simply a devitalized community, with its educative elements leached out. The magic of special subjects, apart from their value

in use, is now recognized as the myth of a leisure class, and the effort of the modern school is accordingly to substitute for the fake discipline of formal education the genuine discipline of real work in a community. Up to the present the drill subject has remained in the school largely for the reason that drill itself has remained in the army: it is a means of killing time in the intervals that precede the performance of active duties. When you do away with these preparatory exercises you have only to thrust the student into an *organized* community and he will find it necessary to occupy himself with tasks of high educational importance, and the interests that these tasks awaken are the only stimuli needed to give the teacher his opportunity to guide and demonstrate and coordinate and direct. Where drill itself is justified the Gary teachers have shown how it may be coupled to a non-academic task.

This emphasis upon the group life, from which the school, with its armory of arts and sciences, has sprung, affects the technique of teaching, the equipment of the school plant, and the development of the curriculum. The last two items are of especial note, for apart from experiments like those at Fairhope and Gary, the methods of elementary teaching, under the influence of such institutes as Columbia, have vastly improved during the last generation. In the modern school the old quarrel between the advocates of the fixed curriculum and those who favored electives loses its last vestige of reality when the conditions and needs of the community rather than those of the school system are taken into consideration. This is recognized in the report of the Commission on the Reorganization of Secondary Education, authorized by the National Education Association. (Bulletin No. 35, 1918; Bureau of Education.) The committee which brought in the report found that the seven main objectives which should determine all education were: Health, command of fundamental processes, worthy home membership, vocation, citizenship, worthy use of leisure, and ethical character; in short, as Dr. Snedden has suggested in a criticism, health education, vocational education, and social education. (Snedden: *Cardinal Principles of Secondary Education*; School and Society, IX, 227.) This implies a point to point correspondence of the student's functions with those of the community.

Considering merely the curriculum there remains a question as to how much of the community can be brought back into the school, even with such a wide use of the school plant, and such an extension of the equipment, as is required in the Gary method. A New York school may run a bank of its own to vivify the problems of accountancy, but it cannot possess the Stock Exchange; a Pittsburgh school

may have a foundry, but it cannot operate a rolling mill; a Chicago school may have a leatherworking shop, but it cannot run the stockyards; a Vermont school may be built on a vein of marble, but it cannot work a quarry. Yet it is safe to say that the operations I have mentioned are each and all full of educational interest, and that an understanding of them is peculiarly essential to anyone desirous of functioning intelligently within the region where they are dominant. In addition to this broad industrial environment, in which the large cities have so much to offer, every community has particular resources, natural and cultural, which can never be completely engrossed by the school, and which it would be folly to attempt to duplicate. In spite of routine trips to museums and zoos this larger environment has been neglected in America. Nowhere has the school begun to exploit the institutions of the community. Whereas American initiative is responsible for the experiment of bringing back the community to the school, it is to Great Britain that we must turn for example as to the method of taking the school out into the community.

The use of the community in extending and deepening the interests embraced by the school is connected in England with the movement for regional survey. Before the war the survey method as an educational instrument was developed in Edinburgh, Lambeth, and Saffron Walden under the inspiration of Professor Patrick Geddes, the biologist, sociologist, and educator. (A discussion of its application may be found in a memoir on Alasdair Geddes, published first in the *Town Planning Review*, April, 1917, and later in the series of *Papers for the President*, Headley Brothers, London.)

The aim of the regional survey is to employ the immediate region as the starting point of the student's inquiries into the arts and sciences. Instead of letting the student begin his studies with names and definitions the regional surveyor insists upon prefacing this thin, verbal and symbolical knowledge about "subjects" with a thick, first-hand, intimate, concrete acquaintance with his environment. This acquaintance with the crude data of the arts and sciences is something the drill school, at all its levels, takes for granted. It relies upon casual acquaintances and intimacies to furnish the substantial ground pattern upon which it embroiders its abstract interpretations and studies. Hence, for example, the student of chemistry in a New York school may "know" the atomic formula of clay before he has felt clay in his hands, or has connected it with building, or has watched the barges of bricks float down the Hudson, or has examined the conditions under which it is worked, or has attained the dimmest sociological insight into the life of a river village

that has claymaking as its sole industry. Or at another period the student may study the development of America after the Civil War, and read about the influx of immigrants and the numerical growth of cities, without even faintly associating this with the huddle of loft buildings in the lower part of Manhattan and the congestion of population in the adjacent East Side. The failure to subordinate book knowledge to immediate observation and experiment is notorious. It results in a thinness of mental imagery which makes for looseness and vagueness of thought. By embracing, not the arts and sciences considered abstractly as subjects, but the actual synthesis of the arts and sciences as expressed concretely in the life-processes of the community, the regional survey seeks to repair this deficiency.

In America indeed Dr. Flexner has pointed out how many institutions in the city might be utilized for educational purposes by the modern school. (A Modern School; General Education Board, New York.) What is emphasized in the regional survey is that the city-region as a whole may be treated as an educational institution, and that every phase of its existence may be utilized to vivify every part of the school's curriculum. The technique of utilizing this wider environment has yet to be elaborated. Experiment along these lines, however, cannot proceed far until the method itself is widely explored under test conditions—with teachers of normal training and classes of mean size. This leads us back to our original point of departure: the paucity, not of initiative, but of application.

It appears that the prime elements that stand in the way both of the American scheme of bringing the community into the school, and the British plan of taking the school out into the community are two: the strength of the traditional educational system itself, considered as a machine, and the self-

centeredness of the adult population, both at home and in the shop. In new communities like Gary, and in small ones like Porter, the vested educational regime is too infirm to entrench itself against innovation. In Gary, accordingly, the initiative of William Wirt effected an easy transformation of the school program and equipment; and in Porter the active support of the community played no small part in bringing in an experimentally disposed teacher and affording her an opportunity for carrying out her plans. But where instead of an active and responsible guild of teachers there is a centralized bureaucracy, and instead of an interested and purposeful community there is merely the apathetic rabble of individuals that makes up a city tenement district, the introduction of any genuine educational advance is seriously hindered. Unless public opinion can be formulated through active Parent's Associations and professional opinion through Teacher's Associations, the most sober advances will be seriously hindered; for the reason that they call for difficult adjustments in the education machine—and indeed in the very organization of the industrial community. The use of the community by the school implies the active cooperation of the community in the school.

Obviously then if our educational experiments are not to languish and to die in isolation they must connect themselves with the interests of active occupational groups. That is why the organization of teachers' unions in our larger cities, weak though the impulse yet remains, is the most promising sign on the educational horizon. If the teacher is able to reestablish his economic and intellectual position in the school he may be able to gain a new place for the school in the community. The opportunity deliberately to utilize the community for educational purposes will follow.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

At Perneb's Tomb

Soul of Perneb,
Let me pass that narrow door!
"Your tomb," say you?
Not at all, proud dignitary!
This tomb was purchased honestly by the Museum
From the Egyptian Government,
Was bought and paid for;
It is their property,
And I am welcome here!

I fear you not—
In your curled wig and beard

And stiff-starched kilt—
Nor yet those rows of friends and relatives
Gesticulating there upon your scribbled walls!

This is not Memphis,
Nor the Fifth Dynasty,
Old Perneb,
But Fifth Avenue,
And little old New York,
Nineteen-nineteen!

LEONORA SPEYER.

American History Anglicized

THE EDITOR OF THE DIAL sends me two books and writes, "Please review." I read the two books—Elizabethan Sea-Dogs, by William Wood, and Dutch and English on the Hudson, by Maud Wilder Goodwin, being Vol. 3 and Vol. 7 of the Chronicles of America published by the Yale University Press. Then I sent word to the editor of THE DIAL and said, "Please allow me to decline the honor." Wrote the editor of THE DIAL, "Why?" And I answered, "Because you will not like what I want to say. Besides it may cost me twenty years in jail." Whereupon the patient editor remarked "that according to the courts of West Virginia the war ended when the Armistice was declared" and gave me full power to state, write, and declare what I have intended to state, write, and declare since many years.

A few weeks ago there was a delegation of South African Boers in this town. We had speech together and we discussed affairs in the old independent Republics of the Black Continent. We exhausted all arguments pro and con and finally I asked, "What makes for the dislike between Boer and British?" The leader of the delegation puffed his pipe meditatively and then said, "I don't want to be too sensitive. But the reason for the continued dislike is the following. Language and habits and customs have really nothing to do with it. It is not a question of race or economic status. But the Englishman simply cannot treat us as an equal. He probably tries to be pleasant. He never gets over an attitude of amused patronizing. We Boers feel it. We are made to feel it all the time. We despair of changing the English character. Therefore we want to go our own way."

That is the reason why I did not want to review these two books. History, like all teaching, has been (speaking very broadly) the privilege of what is sometimes called "the New England school ma'am." With all due respect for the integrity, intellectual honesty, and purity of historical purpose of the aforementioned New England school ma'am, she never learned languages. England and English scholarship were the fount of her perennial information. That same undefinable but very concrete method of settling all foreign aspirations to glory and fame by a slight smile and a prolonged "Ah, very interesting indeed" was applied to history with a result exceedingly disastrous to all foreigners. It was duly accepted that these United States, notwithstanding a slight difference of opinion during the last half of the eighteenth cen-

tury were a sort of intellectual colony of the British mother country. That Magna Charta, sublimated into the constitution of the great Republic, was the foundation of all further democratic development. That Anglo-Saxon virtue accounted for everything that was good on this vast continent. Of course there were certain foreign influences which had contributed towards folk-dancing and amusing little restaurants in Greenwich Village. But these were quite negligible compared to the greater blessings carried across the ocean in English bottoms. And the sooner the "foreigner" accepted this fact, dropped his strange notions of cultural equality, the better for him and the prosperity of his children. For a moment, the Lafayette myth, a by-product of our war-enthusiasm, threatened to obscure the deeds of the Knights of Runymede. M. Clemenceau's attitude at the peace table will soon cause a revision of this incident and the English tradition will again rule supreme.

These two little books, neither of them a contribution to the subject of early American settlement from a scholarly point of view read to me like an expression of that regrettable attitude. Maybe—very likely even—my old Dutch prejudice makes me unfair. But I get everlastingly, profoundly, and irritatingly tired of Drake's exploits in "clipping the wings of Spain" when said Drake ought to have only fifty per cent of the glory; of the great epic of glorious Queen Bess, when this distinguished Lady ought to suffer a fifty per cent reduction of her fame; of the endlessly repeated story of the Armada which hogs the happy result of that momentous battle entirely for the benefit of British valor, British seamanship, and British pluck. I have the greatest respect for these three phenomena of the British character. But please! give the other fellow a chance. The low countries along the banks of the North Sea had a popular representative system, guaranteed by seigneurial writ, long before an English commoner dreamed of demanding the right of representation exercised by a small score of nobles. The Armada was defeated with the help of God, the British fleet, and a highly efficient Dutch Squadron which blockaded the Duke of Parma and his auxiliary ships and troops in the harbor of Dunkirk until Sidonia's galleons were ready to be slaughtered. As for the clipped wings of Spain, why create the impression that this much-needed task was entrusted by Providence exclusively to the seadogs of Queen Bess?

It is the same with the volume on the Dutch and

English on the Hudson. The very least one can ask of an author writing about Dutch subjects is such a rudimentary knowledge of the Dutch language that at least one out of every four quotations shall be spelled correctly. At this late date it is quite futile to hope that the harm done by the Knickerbocker History of New York will ever be undone. The early settlers of New York will go down in history as funny lethargic Burghers with immense steins of beer and long Gouda pipes. Miss Goodwin's book avoids this error and on the whole tries to give a fair deal to the risky investment of the West Indian Company. But again, on every page one feels the utter lack of comprehension of the Dutch background. Speaking in a general way that does not matter very much. Just now, nothing matters very much except the Smolny Institute and Versailles. But a century from now, when the world runs again in its quiet

and peaceful groove, we hope that our American writers (I am not speaking of our scholars) will see a new light. The role of the small nation in the concert of nations has been persistently misunderstood. Just as the League of Nations offered to run the affairs of the world by an executive council of five big powers (and mind my prophetic words, O ye Lords of Versailles! you cannot do it), in the same way our amateur historians have provided a certain conception of history which teaches our children that the real work of growth and development was performed by the Big Empires while the small fry filled out the little gaps in the imposing edifice of human civilization. The reviewer sees these things fundamentally different. Hence he repeats his request. "Let some one else review these books."

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

Fashions in Conspiracy

IT IS JUST AS WELL not to look for romantic thrills in scholastic monographs, for heart-sickness would surely follow on hope long deferred. Yet Professor Vernon Stauffer has provided them in "Whole Number 191" of the Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law. (New England and the Bavarian Illuminati; Columbia University Press.) It is not easy to explain why the book is so interesting, for a brief summary is no more exhilarating than the imprint, or the title, or the pale blue tint of the paper binding.

Boiled down to lowest terms and served up in a saucerful of negations the story of the play amounts to this: I. After the Revolution New England was deeply disturbed and demoralized—yet not so deeply as it might have been (141 pages). II. The Bavarian Order of the Illuminati founded in 1776 was a secret, radical organization of immense potential influence—but it was crushed before it had reached full power (87 pages). III. The menace of a supposed revival toward the end of the century produced a near panic among New England conservatives—but the whole episode was really a tempest in a teapot (116 pages). Curtain—that is, bibliography.

To the objector who says that this is a sheer sequence of anti-climaxes there is only one reply. The man who must have something happen in every story will lay this one aside in contempt; he had better not bother with it at all. Yet, of course, objective adventure amounts to nothing in itself.

Except for the attending emotions, an event is like a ship at sea sunk without a trace; but the frustration of a plan to sink ships "spurlos" is as big with emotional significance as the loss of a Lusitania. Every lively reader is a bit like Wilde's Gwendolen when she says, "The suspense is terrible . . . I hope it will last."

Seen in this light, the Stauffer monograph has all the lure of a penny-dreadful, and all the learning that does credit to its solemn auspices. It is documented at all points and featured on every page with "an angry little pack of footnotes barking at the text." But it is humanly and dramatically interesting because it is a well-written chronicle of human hopes and fears. The first part, on the undermining of Puritan standards and institutions, is a fresh and well-considered statement of what is familiar to every student of American history. The grip of the Church was relaxed. Education for the ministry was no longer the chief mission of the colleges, and the students inclined toward radicalism of thinking and adopted it as a cloak for license. Not only were the strictest amusement taboos lifted, but gambling at the card table and the racetrack, heavy drinking, and sexual license were on the increase. The alarm was widespread that these vices were natural resultants of religious radicalism and skepticism.

The sections on the European Order of the Illuminati, and on the subsequent Illuminati agitation in New England, are fresh fields for most readers. The almost absolute control which the

Society of Jesus had contrived to secure in Bavaria led to an inevitable revolt in the period of the Aufklärung toward the end of the eighteenth century. Under the lead of Adam Weishaupt (1748-1830) a secret association was founded in 1776 to outwit the enemies of reason throughout the world. Its members were to be trained and learned laborers for a new civilization. An exhaustive study of mankind and the development of a skilled propagandist method were to result in a moral transformation of human society. The design was thus to carry out an enlightened and bloodless revolution. Unfortunately jealousy and ineptitude retarded its growth at first, and later treachery completed the revelations which official vigilance had begun. By 1784 the organization was quite completely smashed; but its real influence was greatly increased. The repressive measures boomeranged as they always do, ultra conservatism became querulously shrill, officialdom began once more to jump at its own shadow, and every radical thinker was cheered by the gratuitous advertisement given to his cause and was encouraged by the rumors of its strength. Even at this, however, the whole Illuminati movement might have sunk into oblivion by 1798 as Weishaupt himself had done, if in that year there had not appeared in Edinburgh a volume by John Robison containing "Proofs of a Conspiracy against All the Religions and Governments of Europe, carried on in the Secret Meetings of the Free Masons, Illuminati and Reading Societies." Seven editions of this soon ran their course in English, French, German, and Dutch and a very pretty panic was restimulated. According to Robison the Illuminati had brought about the French Revolution under "specious pretexts of enlightening the world," and emboldened by their success were working secretly in all the countries of Europe.

It was not to be expected that in the fallow New England ground so fruitful a rumor should fail to scatter seed. By fast-day of 1798 the warning was solemnly uttered, and within the next two years pulpits and pamphlets had presented circumstantial evidence of active conspiracy. These proofs may have proved something besides the solicitude of the men who advanced them, though they do not seem to have done so. This is important in estimating Professor Stauffer's monograph as a historical document; but if we consider the monograph as a document on public opinion, it is a negligible matter. What Macaulay wrote about popular faiths is equally true of popular fears: "Logicians may reason about abstractions, but the great mass of men must have images." Radicalism was in the

air; the body of conservative thinkers needed to account for the unrest. They could not concede that it sprang from the essential wrongness of human conditions, for that is in itself a radical contention. The inclination to disturb the good old ways must be accounted for by the exercise of some fell conspiracy. So "the Illuminati, the Free Masons, and the Reading Societies" were set up as the straw men.

The Illuminati could not be embarrassed by such an agitation, for the simple reason that specters and hobgoblins are not subject to courts of inquiry. The scattered and unrelated reading rooms were little disturbed, because no case could be made against them. But the Freemasons furnished a beautiful target for miscellaneous bombardment. They were secret—and hence had something dreadful to conceal. They observed rituals of their own—which were doubtless anti-ecclesiastical and probably anti-religious. On the other hand they were exclusive, and hence undemocratic and perchance reactionary. They pleased no one outside their ranks, and were hard beset until, with the mourning for George Washington, his membership in a secret order gave the Masons a bill of exemption before the court of public opinion. So the excitement waned, and the Bavarian Illuminati, who had never been terrible except in the imaginations of the ultra-conservatives, ceased to be accused of an influence that they had never been strong enough to exert.

It is a quaint and significant piece of history, and furnishes a striking parallel to the rumored dangers and the reactionary alarms of today. With the closing of one chapter in the struggle for democracy, the cry was raised against its "desolating effects," and conservative America began to chant the hymn of prudential patriotism. Hail Columbia was a by-product of the agitation, written on request in 1798 by a son of one of the signers of the Declaration. It sounds as paltry now as it must have then, but its sentiments are still being proclaimed with the same tremulous fervor:

Let independence be your boast
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety let us find.

Of a truth history repeats itself. The story of New England and the Bavarian Illuminati is amazingly up-to-date.

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

The Mood of the Morning After

THE END OF THE WAR will presumably also close a prolific phase of literary activity, the production of war books, which a recent writer has divided into four groups: the impressionistic, the episodic, the historical, and the technical. With Leonhard Frank's *Der Mensch Ist Gut* (Rascher; Zurich) we might add another type, the inspired—or, shall we say?—the prophetic. This last will depend on the sort of lesson that the present and the future generations—to whom Leonhard Frank dedicates his book—will have learned from the world war. No better textbook could be found to teach man the ways of peace and to point out the true deadliness of militarism in its effect on the mind and spirit of man. A nation thoroughly drilled in militarism is no longer responsible for its actions, he says; it no longer consists of human beings, but of soulless, irresponsible automatons, incapable of thought. We have readily believed this of the Germans, but signs of apprehension must deepen in view of the dark cloud of universal military training, as a permanent institution, that is hovering over our own country.

The book consists of five sketches: *The Father*, *The War Widow*, *The Mother*, *The Lovers*, and *The War Cripples*. The style is unusually vivid and gripping, and the psychologic penetration and descriptive directness cast a spell over the reader that would almost inevitably bring him to his feet to rush out into the street and join the crusaders, if he were near the scene of action.

The *Father* of the first sketch is a commonplace hotel waiter. Dazed by the news of his son's death "on the field of honor," he ruminates listlessly for weeks on that word "honor." Honor, honor, the field of honor—what is this honor? It is no field, no acre, no surface, neither mist nor air—it is absolutely nothing. Slowly the truth begins to dawn, and slowly, deliberately he prepares for the "leap" that he knew he must take some day. A laborers' convention, at which he officiated in the capacity of water-carrier to the speakers, and a toy gun furnished the occasion. He held up the gun which he himself long ago had presented to his little son, recalled the toy-soldiers, drums, and uniforms, and said: "I am a murderer." And you, who have also brought up your children on toys like these, who have connived at all this ghastly masquerade, who in your misery have rejoiced when it was the enemy's son, or husband, or father, or sweetheart that was killed and not your own, you all are murderers. There is not a person in Europe today who is not a murderer, and we are murderers, because we have forgotten love. In insane delusion we think we see the foe outside of

us, in the Russian, the Englishman, the Frenchman, because the real foe, who is within us, is something that is not there—the absence of love. Cringing obedience to authority, unthinking worship of success, money, and power, and sixteen thousand kilometers of corpses, because we have the courage to kill men but not the courage to love them, that is our civilization. Words like these fall naturally and simply from lips that have been trained only to obsequiousness. Man is good.

The *War Widow* is a tour de force of psychologic analysis. She too went about her business and walked the streets like an automaton—her eyes dry, her heart empty but for the hatred that barred it to grief, her brain in a chaos. The phrases: a hero's death, the field of honor, the altar of the Fatherland, a million other women, were jumbled together with the high prices of coffee and eggs, all equally meaningless. This lasted for months, and her features settled into hard lines when the hotel waiter's words pierced the crust, opening her heart to grief and her eyes to a new and wonderful light.

Somewhat different was the lot of the *Mother*. Her whole life is merged in the life of the son at the front. Her solicitude makes her clairvoyant. She spends her days and nights in agonizing appeals to him to fire or to desist from firing, according as her fear for her son's life or her anguish at the vision of the other mother in Paris gains the upper hand. When the inevitable news reaches her she darts out into the street and runs aimlessly, silently, till the cry of anguish breaks forth and pierces the air. The cry of anguish of the European mother. At last, snatching a crucifix from the altar of a church, she heads a procession of mothers and joins the multitudes led by the hotel waiter.

In *The Lovers* the philosopher, in spite of his gloomy survey of a people calloused, thoughtless, over-organized, drilled by machine and musket to the point of fatalism, a people whom nothing but naked hunger can arouse to revolutionary protest, is at last shaken by wild love and compassion at the thought of the unborn soul of his sleeping wife, the symbol of the unborn soul of the people. Instead of choosing suicide for the second time in response to the military summons, he resolves to plunge into the midst of the blood-soaked presence and the blood-soaked masses and to join those who have been saved from the poison of organization in an attempt "to talk the people out of that which has been talked into them for decades."

The *War Cripples* reveals the gruesome spectacle of the "slaughter house," as the field hospital is

called. The field-surgeon, who literally saws till he drops, awakens from the swoon into which he has sunk from over-fatigue, into a great illumination. For three years he has sawed off soldiers' arms and legs; henceforth his life is dedicated to the prevention of the necessity for sawing off arms and legs.

There are no seismographs that record an earthquake before it has become a fact. But there are seismographs of the soul, men who feel when the moment has come when the hardened petrified woe of an entire, suppressed, inconceivably tormented people suddenly melts and bursts the dams of organized force, power, falsehood, authority and misconceived duty.

At that moment the field-surgeon opened the doors of a new age with his procession of cripples. Twenty thousand, fifty thousand, a never ending throng, on crutches, and on trucks they come, with artificial limbs and artificial features—the blind led by the

halt. The light of a new day of the brotherhood of man transfigures the face of the most hopeless of them all, the armless and legless trunk. And he, the nameless one, who has been walking beside the hotel waiter, enters the halls of the old regime, and the old regime disappears forever.

The vision is Leonhard Frank's Revolution, stalking through the world perhaps. Is it going to proclaim international brotherhood? Or will the new impetus towards nationalistic development, the old possessive impulses, the old industrialism, not set up new barriers between man and man on the ruins of the old autocracies? Whatever the immediate outcome, the internationalist has nevertheless come to stay and Leonhard Frank is one of the prophets of the true goal of human progress.

EMMA HELLER SCHUMM.

Nietzsche—Without Prejudice

I KNOW OF NO BOOK on Nietzsche that even approaches the excellence of Nietzsche the Thinker, by William Salter (Holt). The motive and character of Nietzsche's thinking, the passion of his manner, and the shock and challenge of his phrase are all so intimate, so idiosyncratic, as to call forth from his critics and commentators discussions equally idiosyncratic, with personal bias and divergent perspectives. All, from Vaihinger and Lichtenberger to Thierry and Huneker, draw portraits of the mind of Nietzsche which reveal their authors far more than their subject. That (as the psychologizing critic modernly assures us) this observation holds of all criticism makes no matter; there are degrees. Some critics are more translucent than others and some subjects more luminous. And Nietzsche seems to have been a writer who has influenced his readers more through heat than through light. He has warmed or fired many of both his opponents and his admirers into good writing down of themselves, but never of a true vision of the Nietzsche that was. Rarely has there lived a man so irrelevant to the ruling passions of his time and so provocative of them. With the effect that what the public reads and says about him is the substance of an international myth, none the less potent because it is a myth, while what he was and thought in himself goes unobserved and forgotten.

It is the great merit of Mr. Salter's book, certainly the best book on Nietzsche in the English language and perhaps in any language, that it disregards the myth and attains to the Nietzschean mind itself. Few men of letters have had so self-effacing and pellucid an interpreter, who so conscientiously

and with such detailed and workmanlike skill has brought together all their utterances on any given theme, and exhibited concept after concept in its intricate intellectual pattern with all the reservations, nuances, shadings, and stresses of all the different times and places of their deliverance. Nietzsche surely never had such an interpreter before. You are made to feel as in no other book that the content of Nietzsche's whole mind is really and truly there and its contact with what you have yourself read in Nietzsche and what you have read about him is dramatically poignant. Yet, after a while, you find accompanying this realization also a discommoding sense of uncertainty and unreality. You know that this account of Nietzsche shows you the substance of his mind and that others do not, but you cannot help feeling that the cohesive force which holds together simultaneously the countless parts of this remarkable mosaic of ideas, the center of life and feeling which holds them in mutuality and organic relevance, is not that of Nietzsche. The sense of values the ensemble of this book awakens in you and the sense that you attain from a reading of Nietzsche's works in the order in which he wrote them are as a sense of sugar and salt. Not only do they not fuse, they repel one another; and the harsher and more true is closer to the Nietzschean myth than to the Nietzschean fact. In a word, Mr. Salter's portrait of Nietzsche's mind is marvelously accurate, but it is not a true portrait. It is not a true portrait perhaps just because it is so accurate. The complex of impulses and repressions which were Nietzsche's life, its central elan, that found its fulfillment, gratification, compensation, or diversion

in one after another of the succession of ideas that are the portrait, is itself missing from the portrait. The rhythm and pulse of it are as little Nietzsche's as the ideas are completely Nietzsche's. This lack is rendered inevitable by Mr. Salter's method, which is structural rather than genetic and which postulates that a thinker's mind is a thing apart from his heart. In view of the method, Mr. Salter's achievement is all the more remarkable.

It is an achievement in exposition without explanation, and the separation of the two is inherent in the structural method. From the genetic point of view they cannot however be separated. After all, men are men before they are philosophers, and they are born with appetites, passions, impulses, and instincts whereas they only acquire ideas. Their temperaments are the foundations of their minds; their feelings supply the power and dictate the goals of their intellects. Regarding a thinker so idiosyncratic and spontaneous as Nietzsche, this is particularly true. All theories of life are personal, and his was more so than most. That he had inherited a neuropathic constitution from his father's side of the family, that he was deeply devoted to his mother, that scarcely a day passed without acute physical pain or discomfort, that he was always under great physical strain, that he was celibate, that he at one time added to his involuntary pains those of self-inflicted bodily penance—all these expressions of his diathesis must be taken into consideration if his outlook upon the nature and destiny of man is to be rightly understood. Against the background of this constant battle with weakness and weakening, the description of his philosophy as a "recipe and self-prepared medicine against life-weariness" becomes easily intelligible; so does his self-glorification, as in *Ecce Homo*; so does his passionate and bitter rejection of all the standards and conventions of the society with which his weakness was associated, to which he attributed it, which he identified with it, and which he repudiated and rejected by his demand for a "new morality" that was after all nothing more than a projection of his own pain and struggle upon the cosmos, and a justification thereof. From the standpoint of his emotional life, his philosophy was partly a compensation for, partly a projection and rationalization of, his condition and its implicated temperament. It is the pathetic fallacy of a brave sick man, who had learned, or who perhaps did not need to learn, to take a masochistic joy in his sickness.

The material which was reshaped and thrown into new and tonic patterns by the selective action of the dominant impulses of Nietzsche's temperament came from three sources. The primary and most colorful was his varied and discriminating

knowledge of the world of classical antiquity. It was not so great as that of many another man—Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, for example—nor so accurate. His idiosyncrasies of emotion made him, however, sensitive to aspects of it which men of more usual diathesis never saw. These he selected and wove into the justification and sustainment of his bitter, brave existence. They grounded his conceptions of tragedy and of the origins of morality and enabled him to carry on. Schopenhauerian voluntarism and the Darwinian hypothesis supplemented this aid and comfort. In his earlier days he had accepted the quietistic upshot of the former, had found satisfaction in its doctrine of self-effacement through art and religion. But as life and pain grew more difficult to endure he rejected the quietism and cursed it. Being and pain and tragedy grew to be synonymous for him, and art ceased to be an escape and became a fulfillment of them: "in tragedy the warrior celebrates his Saturnalia." And, of course, the movements and interests current in the social organization of his time moved him to vivid resentment. He selected for particular belittlement its hunger for ease, comfort, and pleasure. The Christian virtues filled him with revulsion and the Christian beliefs with disgust: they involved the abolition of pain. The national and socialist movements seemed to him degrading and signs of decadence, just because they invaded the necessary and desirable loneliness of the voluntary sufferer, and his scorn of the Germans and their paternalistic imperialism knew no bounds—"the meanness of a German hinders digestion." His goal of life—moral, intellectual, esthetic—is self-immolation. The "superman," indeed may be said to have been conceived in the very ardor and ecstasy of self-immolation. Although the conception is shot through with certain ideas of excellence absorbed from the Greeks, and Nietzsche could plausibly be argued to have defined the aim of life as the spreading of a greater and firmer pedestal of the most powerful, the "best" type of beings, it is significant that this best had not, in Nietzsche's mind, either the definiteness or articulation which the classic conceptions all had. It exists rather as a rationalization of the process of becoming, which is all pain, all sorrow, all loneliness; which is self-destruction. Since man is to superman what ape is to man, the best life for man can be nothing other than this process of self-destruction. "Destroy yourself," says Nietzsche to his followers, "and your neighbor as yourself, in order that something better than you may come to be." All the while, however, the good to come is something unknown and unknowable; and the good that is, is your destruction.

H. M. KALLIN.

When Good Fellows Get Together

AT THE LAST REUNION of our class there were, of course, the usual number of surprises. For instance, Gerald Braithwaite, who was at one time or another president of nearly all the college clubs and societies, a star actor in almost all the plays, something of a singer, and good for a point or two in the high jump, has quieted down. Gerald is superintendent of schools in some Middle-Western city. I suspect that Gerald blossomed out too soon, as plants are said to do when they are not adequately watered. But when I saw Gerald he suspected nothing. He liked his title and was sorry for me when I told him that I was still experimenting with life and had no steady job.

Nearly all the rest had followed the paths of least resistance, not as any of us could have foreseen them, but as they could have been foreseen by any one familiar with American civilization fifteen years ago. Jackson, like Braithwaite, was one of our prominent men. He came to college from some country town, a shy, reserved, idealistic youth who had never ridden on a street car until he graduated from high school. Jackson rose by degrees, beginning with the Y. M. C. A., where his early religious training made him at home, becoming its vice-president, and emerging from it by way of atheism at the end of his second year. In his junior year he was treasurer of his class, and at the end of the year there was a surplus of nearly eighty-nine dollars—an unheard of thing in our college. The year after that Jackson became advertising manager of the college monthly on a percentage basis. After he left college he went into real estate. When he came back to the reunion he had lost the soulful look and most of the wavy chestnut hair which had once made it easy for him to get dances at the proms, but he had a double chin and owned a controlling interest in a town of forty thousand inhabitants.

The boys who went into law seemed the simplest to make predictions about, but the simplicity was deceptive. Jim Burnham, who was said to be the most brilliant man of his time, is still brilliant, but it is now an old-rose, Persian-carpet brilliancy. I caught in his conversation at the reunion little besides echoes of 1903. Jim had an uncle who was counsel for the Coast and Mid-Western. He came to the reunion in an expensive touring car, and thought that there was not much moral difference between Bolshevism and government control of the railroads. Culver drifted into politics, but instead of being governor or United States senator he was an assistant district attorney. He talked like Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz. Ed Bilkins, the inconsolable

radical of his class, whose quarrel with the present order of society extended even to a refusal to wear a dress suit to the senior prom, went into journalism. He has become managing editor of a newspaper in a medium-sized Ohio city, and gets along famously with the owner and the advertisers. His wife is trying, not without success, to get into really good society.

We had looked to Theodore Blackwood to give the class literary standing. Theodore stayed on at college after the rest of the class had gone away—I believe because he could not think of anything else to do. He is now teaching English in a fresh-water college. It has been nine or ten years since he wrote any of that glowing, rebellious verse which used to excite admiration among the elect when it was printed in the *Spade* (our little modernist semi-annual, reserved for those who felt themselves of too fine clay to be appreciated by the general college public), but he has a new interpretation of the fifty-sixth line of *Scene Five, Act II, of As You Like It*, which is said to find favor with Shakespearean scholars. He told me that he was shortly to issue a new edition of *Euphues*, with critical notes.

I see that I have said nothing of the part our class played in the war, but this is not because any of us were slackers. We were nearly all too old for front-line service, but a few of us did get to the front, and most of the rest took government contracts, got into the Red Cross or Y. M. C. A., took part in the Liberty Loan campaigns, or at least cut down our personal expenditures. There is a grave or two in France to which our chairman referred in what seemed to me the only unaffected words he spoke. They had not been prominent men in college. One had worked his way through by waiting on table. Few of us had even known them. But now they were ours.

Everything went off pretty well as long as we all kept together. Most of us were able to sing the songs, with a little prompting, and Burnham made a good toastmaster. It was when we began to split up that conversation became trying. After Jackson had tried to sell me a lot, and Burnham had got me into a corner to explain what a good idea it would be to make the Espionage Act permanent, I made my escape and walked up and down in the moonlight—the same moonlight, God forgive us!—trying to figure everything out. My classmates reminded me of nothing but clothes, possessions, social relations, business and professional positions. Most of them, when they were in college, had been interested in subjects which had nothing to do with

their personal welfare. On occasion they would throw off even the foolish garments of "college spirit" and "tradition" and analyze the educational scheme of which they were a part. I had discussed religion, art, music, and Socialism with some of them until two in the morning. Now they would not discuss anything. It was as though the world contained for them no more doubts and mysteries, or perhaps as though their opinions were balanced so precariously, and so intimately associated with their positions in the world, that they were afraid to think.

Was this merely the result of growing older? I could not see why it should be. The age of speculation does not terminate normally at twenty-two or twenty-three. No, something had intervened to harden my classmates in their shells, like so many oysters growing encased before their time. Then I saw, or thought I saw, what the trouble was. Our college had prided itself on preparing men for their "places in the world." A great point had been made of convincing the boys who passed through the mill that they were to become "leaders." The college was proud of those of its graduates who had been successful, especially if they had made money successfully. We were trained to use the world, not to understand it. Our whole academic tradition and environment had worked toward accustoming us to forms and formulas. The president's colonial mansion on the hill had been a symbol of success, the assistant professor of Greek doing the family washing on the back porch a symbol of at least relative failure. Instead of being urged to keep our intellectual curiosity awake we had been fairly compelled to direct it into narrower and narrower channels, and to apply it to definite ends which were measured at last by the amount of money they brought in. We went out ashamed to be poor. I remembered some splendid words of William James: "We have lost the power even of imagining what the ancient idealization of poverty could have meant; the liberation from material attachments, the unbribed soul, the manlier indiffer-

ence, the paying our way by what we are and not by what we have, the right to fling away our life at any moment irresponsibly." Had any of us exercised that right? Yes, our service flag answered that question. But that sacrifice had been an accident of history, performed in the teeth of our education, a breaking away from the environment in which we had been taught to be at home—and to be imprisoned by—not a development out of it.

As I went out to get my hat and coat I met Peter Brant. When he was in college Peter Brant had been passionately interested in beetles. As I talked with him I saw that he was still interested in them, though more in people and travels. He had been hunting specimens all over the world—in China, Siberia, Siam, India, Africa, South America, and the East and West Indies. He had made, he told me, one of the most complete beetle collections in the world, though as he had no income of his own he had had to earn his way around by selling his collection to a museum. From his pocket, however, he drew a cigarette box, opened it reverently, and showed me a tiny black object. He had picked it up in Nigeria, and it was named after him. There was not another like it in any collection in the world. For the rest he had stories of out-of-the-way ports, sleepy tropic rivers, and half-forgotten towns and people, out of the main currents of civilization, and a confession about a girl from Indiana, with whom he had fallen hopelessly in love in Cairo. He had wanted to marry her, but marrying meant settling down, and perhaps giving up beetles. He was on his way to Australia, and hoped he would get over it.

I left Brant, rather reluctantly, at the door of a second-class hotel, and went off to catch a train. Some words quoted in John Richard Green's History were running in my head: "I have given up my whole soul to the Greek learning, and as soon as I get money I shall buy Greek books—and then I shall buy some clothes." But I doubt if Brant had ever heard of Erasmus.

ROBERT L. DUFFUS.

His Friend to His Enemy

There are not seasons neath the sun
To undo the work you have begun
Or let you ever leave behind
His echo jingling in your mind;

He put a light in some friends' eyes
You cannot help but scrutinize,
And blotted on your page a doubt
He'll never trouble to rub out.

For he did weave him cunningly
In every beauty you can see,
And in your pool of whimsey cast
A tint that never will flow past.

MORRIS GILBERT.

THE DIAL

A FORTNIGHTLY

The Old Order and the New

THE PLUMB PLAN WILL BE MR. GOMPERS' TEST. While the President of the Trade Unions is no less loquacious than the President of the Republic, Mr. Gompers is not advertising his difficulty in advance. Mr. Wilson, operating in the field of politics, gambled on the insufficient vision of the average voter to recognize the corrosive effect of suppressing the efforts of a foreign people to establish self-government. He gave the people whom he represented the lie, without taking serious chances. But this is not possible in the labor world. Mr. Gompers knows that at the present moment he has no such margin in which he can play a fast and loose game. The Plumb Plan has fired the imagination of the labor world and precipitated a drive of immeasurable force because it marks a consummating step in the long preparation of labor toward participation in the control of industry. Mr. Gompers has always declared that labor would never be satisfied; that it would continuously ask for more and again for more. While the gains made by the unions thus far have amounted in reality to little more than a gesture, the expectation of actual or net increase is the *raison d'être* of membership. The function of the trade union officials is to keep expectation alive; and for the most part sops to Cerberus have, until now, sufficed. As a matter of fact sops were about all that could be had while the mass of workers believed as their officials and their employers did that the production of wealth is a game of exploitation, where no one gives or shares more than he is forced to; that the business of all is simply to get. As labor people were obviously less qualified to play the game than their employers or the financiers, the leadership of the general enterprise also obviously belonged to these men. While the A. F. of L. has based its organization on the recognition of that industrial leadership, there is an insidious idea back of the trade union movement which employers have instinctively feared, and with good reason. Any organization or movement that is fed on anticipation must, out of psychological necessity, have its periods of consummation. Here lies the force of the Plumb Plan, and no one knows this better than Mr. Gompers. The dilemma for the old man is that he has accepted a place in the middle of the stand-pat map. His place there, and his reason for accepting it, are not forgotten by labor. They recognize that he deserves generous credit for having kept the trade unions alive during those black years of blind opposition and against the thunder of the employers that they would ruin their business to suit

themselves. They know that the place Mr. Gompers holds is the sign that the standpatters were forced to acknowledge the existence of the unions. But in accepting a place among the standpatters, Mr. Gompers has had to straddle the fence and play up to the anticipatory desires of the exploiters on each side. Neither Mr. Gompers nor any one else clearly saw until the war was over that the game of exploitation had about run its course; or those who anticipated it had no alternative mode of operating industry which would make an appeal of universal significance to the common people. As the Brotherhood plan for industrial reorganization is founded on the idea of ability and service it offers the opportunity for functional satisfaction; it offers perhaps the first real sense of consummation in the long journey of preparation. However, the reason that the men are rallying to this plan as they have never rallied to the support of any other radical proposition, is that the Brotherhoods are thoroughly organized and are ready to name men competent to put the plan into effect. It is not necessary to remind Mr. Gompers of this last fact; he knows who will succeed him if the transition is made. And if at the conference which Mr. Wilson has called, Mr. Gompers decides to support the policy of the President, let no labor man have any sentimental regrets about turning to new leadership. The desertion will not be labor's, but Mr. Gompers'. Mr. Gompers in his old age will have made the choice of old-age associates. And somewhere there will be found a comfortable place to which the two presidents can retire together, and together regale themselves in a flow of never ending words.

NO ONE CAN YET STATE POSITIVELY JUST WHAT canny Sammy will do but it is fairly certain that the new psychological elements in the industrial world will be too much for him, in the long run. He has never been strong, to be sure, in economics. Labor has been bought and sold under his nose during his full term of presidency and he will reiterate to the end that labor is not a commodity—with a complacent assurance equal to that of Mr. Wilson when he tells the American people that his imperialism is self-determination. As for psychology, Mr. Gompers has been conversant with one or two sets of reactions—those which have to do with preparation and obstruction. He is entirely unfamiliar with the reaction of the consummatory process. When he backed Mr. Wilson's plan for breaking the railroad

strikes, he knew that with his endorsement Mr. Wilson could call out the army and man the trains and break the strike without suffering from any *expression* of resentment from the lesser officials of the trade unions. But the army is of no earthly use as an obstruction to the railroad reorganization plan of the Brotherhoods, for military maneuvers are without power to stem the new psychological processes which the plan has already released. The power of these processes to undermine obstructions and set creative forces free has been dramatically illustrated in the United States arsenals turned over at Captain Beyer's suggestion to the management of the workers. Experience in these plants is the best demonstration that could be had of the power of the Plumb Plan to set free, for creative activity, both ability and desire. When the arsenal reorganization plan was published in the press, the announcement was immediately followed by another reassuring business men who had taken fright that the old autocratic scheme of management was still actually in operation and that the managers were simply playing with labor participation—with the kind of participation, you know, that the Chambers of Commerce endorse. But if any one wants conclusive proof that the participation at the arsenals is genuine it is only necessary to point to the fact that the arsenals now offer to make "optics" for the government at a cost of \$20.74, against an outside bid from business of \$55. The cry of alarm over the arsenal announcement was occasioned by the fear that the advantage of labor management over business imposture would be disclosed.

NOT ONLY IS LABOR BECOMING INCREASINGLY conscious of the possibilities of labor participation in management, but business is realizing that the old wage incentive is losing its effect as a production drive. When a perfectly good manufacturer who has employed collective bargaining and used the union label for a generation wakes up to this fact, as one did the other day, it is late indeed for union officials to ignore the change that is taking place among their own people. Especially late is it for the A. F. of L. Executive Council, when a closed shop manufacturer in the interests of his business passes from collective bargaining to contracting collectively with his workers, paying them union rates and dividing profits and costs under their direction and management. The collective contract with private owners cannot in the nature of the case have a long life because the workers under the collective contract will discover shortly that they are the qualified leaders of industry, and that the owners whose only qualification is ownership may just as well be sloughed off. And when labor discovers that it can sell the commodities it produces without selling itself, the laborers will be ready for a new unionism. Already they are feeling out, in some cases grop-

ingly, in some cases intelligently, for new forms of organization. Whether or not twenty-three thousand ship's carpenters, on the Pacific coast, who have refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the A. F. of L. are ready to assume industrial responsibility, we do not know. But it is a matter of common knowledge that the leaders of the newly organized Amalgamated Textile Workers, recognizing as they do that the responsibility for production must be assumed by the organized workers, have been able in six months to build up an organization of 50,000 workers, skilled and unskilled, in ten cities including in all sixteen local unions. They are succeeding in a field where both the I. W. W. and the A. F. of L., stressing abstract rights or economic claims without assumption of responsibility, have so far failed.

IN GERMANY THE ACID TEST OF THE RUSSIAN problem has been applied in full measure, and already, in a society lately subjected to the solvent of war and revolution, the forms familiar to the historic past are crystallizing again. Domestic turmoil in Germany has temporarily obscured the differences between the bourgeois liberals and the Junker barons, but in the duality of Teutonic relationships with Russia the old antagonism has become as obvious as it ever was in the heyday of the spiked helmet. The Junkers, deprived now of the control of the German state, have found that they have much in common with certain sometime-subjects of the Tsar. In their eastward movement these Junker imperialists march not alone, but as the latest comers in a great historic procession. Charlemagne himself began the "drang nach Osten"; in the later Middle Ages the Teutonic Knights carried the fear of the German name around the bend of the Baltic; Prussian kings and German emperors were the proud heirs of a policy of eastward expansion which found late expression in pre-war efforts to plant Teutonic farmers upon the soil of German Poland, and in the subsequent attempt to dominate Ukraine and the whole of Great Russia. It is precisely this historic aspect of the Imperial Germany's Eastern policy that is now proving most disconcerting to the leaders of the Russian counter-revolution. The help of German Junkers against the Bolsheviks is indeed acceptable. And if reaction once gets the upper hand in Russia, men enough can be spared to give the Junkers a very respectable backing against the bourgeois government at Berlin. But will the Germans then consider themselves paid in full? Or will these kinsmen of the Teutonic barons of Lett-
via and Esthonia claim the Baltic shore as the price of their friendship? Perhaps it is an affirmative answer to some such question as this that has prompted Kolchak to leave von der Goltz's Baltic army for the time being in the position of an unofficial member of the Holy Alliance—an active if not

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an acknowledged partner of Britain, France, and America in the work of counter-revolution. And now, while we are making common cause with the militarists we so devoutly damned a few months ago, the German revolutionists who drove these same militarists out of the Fatherland are drifting farther and farther away from Allied paths on a Russian road of their own. The press dispatches that deal with the Russian comedy of errors refer freely to the Junkers and the other reactionaries now of our party as counter-revolutionists; and these same dispatches bring news of increasingly friendly relations between Social-Democratic Germany and Soviet Russia—unequal partners in revolutionary progress. It is reported that German agents are establishing commercial connections here and there in the Soviet Republic; and—better yet—it is even rumored that German goods are finding their way into Russia by devious routes through Poland, Czechoslovakia, and the Ukraine. This is the sort of peaceful commercial expansion that we recommended to Germany before the war. And now, despite our alliance with the German party that would be content with nothing less than imperialist military expansion, Germany is practicing what we preached. The only legitimate way to meet this trade competition is to trade on our own account—and to begin in a hurry before Germany actually succeeds in establishing a monopoly of the Russian market. Perhaps our business men will see the wisdom of this course. If they do, we will have bourgeois Germany to thank for it that the blockade has been broken. If they do not, there is every hope that the German-Russian commercial alliance will become strong enough to protect the Soviet Republic from destruction by Allied, German, and Russian militarism. Thus the German revolution, despised and incomplete, may yet be the means of saving Europe from a holocaust of reaction.

THE COMPLACENT AMPLITUDE OF THE WORDS "All-Russian"—appropriated now by the forces of reaction—must tempt the curious mind to impose a test of applicability; perhaps to ask just what proportion of Russia's humanity is politically "All-Russian" today. Now it is obviously impossible to answer this question so long as every party to the Russian controversy claims that by its own acquisitions of territory the inhabitants are delivered from a previous unwilling allegiance. However, with the aid of the latest census of Russia by provinces, supplemented by a wall map upon which current military information has been entered, it is possible to arrive at a rough estimate of the strength of the populations now controlled by the several contending parties. According to the most recent estimate of the Russian Central Statistical Committee (1915), the population of the Empire is more than

182,000,000. Examining first the new nationalistic enterprises, we find that some eleven millions of people live within territories now occupied by Ukrainian troops; in view of the long history of Ukrainian nationalism, the unconfirmed report that this country has abandoned her independence as a condition of her alliance with Denikin is hardly to be credited. Poland claims sovereignty over the twelve million inhabitants of Russian Poland, and is attempting also to dominate the seven million people of Minsk and Volhynia—provinces which have recently come within the sphere of Polish military operations. Farther north, the several Baltic states now control a territory inhabited by about twelve million people, distributed approximately as follows: Lithuania, 6,000,000; Lettvia (Livonia and Courland), 2,500,000; Esthonia, 500,000; Finland, 3,300,000. Thus the various small nations carved wholly or in part from the Empire actually control today about forty-four million people—not quite one-fourth of all the former subjects of the Czar. Coming now to deal with the populations subject to Kolchak we find that the inhabitants of North Russia number about 1,600,000, those of the Denikin area in South Russia 15,000,000, and those of Siberia 10,375,000; twenty-seven millions all told—about one-seventh of the population of imperial Russia. There remain now several regions which are for the present of little military significance, as their inhabitants are taking no very definite or active part in the struggle for the mastery of Russia. These regions are nevertheless located behind the Kolchak lines and are presumably accessible to his forces: Cis-Caucasia, 5,700,000 inhabitants; Trans-Caucasia, 13,200,000; the Steppes, 4,000,000; and Turkestan, 6,700,000. Finally it may be noted that Roumania has seized Bessarabia, thus eliminating the 2,700,000 inhabitants of this region from the Russian melange. Now if Kolchak is credited with a fairly active control of one-seventh of the population of Russia, and with the potential control of another sixth, the maximum population of "All-Russia" still stands at less than a third of the strength of the old Empire. The addition, on the basis of an unconfirmed report, of the entire population of the area occupied by the Ukrainian armies raises the total to a little more than a third. If the evidence of these figures is accepted and if due weight is given to the reports of Bolshevik activities in Siberia and the Caucasus, to the historic dissonances of Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox, Mohammedan, and Armenian religions, Tartar and Slavic stocks, tribal quarrels and nationalistic ambitions, there will be no further difficulty in determining why it is that Kolchak, at the head of this heterogeneous mob, can make no headway against the solid block of nearly eighty million people now united in the Soviet Republic—the real All-Russia.

Casual Comment

FREQUENTLY THE DEFEAT OF MILITARY TRAINING in schools carries with it the defeat of all organized physical training. So it is encouraging that the movement for physical education has received new momentum, and perhaps a new direction, from our wartime experience. Military statistics have disclosed in vivid fashion the scale of our national deficiencies in health. At the same time we have had an object lesson in the benefits of systematic physical education from our training camps, which—however clumsy and inappropriate their methods, and however baneful their effect on individual initiative and responsibility—have, on the whole, converted the flabby in health into the robust, and the lackadaisical in spirits into the exuberant. The proponents of universal military training base much of their plea upon this physical transformation. If it can be secured to our youth through other means, we shall hear less about the supposed advantages of that regimen in terms of obedience to authority and the like. To secure it through compulsory measures in the public schools, the Playground and Recreation Association of America has established a national Physical Education Service to spread information and stimulate legislation. The Service does not put forward compulsory physical training as quite the millennial panacea that the militarists profess universal military training to be. They mention "good housing, good food, and sane regulation of juvenile labor" as "equally necessary" to the production of a sound citizenry; but they hold that a proper physical education will stimulate the development of these corollary agencies. By proper physical education they seem to mean—and here appears what promises the new direction in the movement—something more than perfunctory setting-up exercises and irrelevant imitations of the manual of arms. They talk about "individual physical examinations at sufficiently close intervals to secure an accurate record of the child's development" and about "provision for the correction of deficient bodily conditions that impair health." They cite new French legislation that inaugurates outdoor colonies for physically defective children, reorganizes the school medical inspection systems, and aims at simplification of curricula, "which are frightfully overloaded and tend to destroy energy." They report the reorganization of the English educational system to admit compulsory training and athletics between the ages of six and eighteen, with special provision for physical examination, for the treatment of mental and physical defectives, and for the establishing of baths and swimming pools. In short, their discussion envisages measures at once preventive and corrective. But it should be obvious, even to the state legislature, that measures which will prevent and correct such conditions must be very different from the routine "physiology" and impersonal

"drills" at present inflicted on our already over-driven school children. Once more the American educational establishment has an opportunity, and the assistance of European models, to provide a humane system that will discriminate between individuals and work flexibly to attain its ends. If once more we succumb to our national vice of standardization and merely erect an additional machine to which pupils must adapt themselves or be broken, we shall only be worse off than before war showed us how badly off we were.

IF THE WIVES OF STATESMEN, BEFRIENDED BY THE Carnegie annuity, have any knowledge of the workings of the Carnegie Pension System for the advancement of teaching they will not accept the bequest until they look their gift-horse rather carefully in the mouth. Professor J. McKeen Cattell's essay on Carnegie Pensions (Science Press; New York) supplemented by extracts from 214 academic letters, contains words of prudent counsel for those who habitually forget the destination of the road paved with good intentions. Mr. Carnegie's ten million dollar foundation seemed an imposing bequest at the beginning. But as soon as the foundation started to operate its retirement benefit plan, it found itself in the distressing situation made memorable by the bookkeeping of Mr. Micawber, its outlay proved greater than its income, and since that time the officers of the foundation have trimmed the sails of their educational policy continually and have sought to hide their own lugubrious lack of financial foresight by animadversions on the defects of free pensions upon human nature, in a manner not calculated to "encourage, uphold, and dignify the cause of higher education." (As a matter of fact, the foundation at length became insolvent in all but legal status, and was forced to apply to the Carnegie Trust for further financial relief.) From year to year the purpose of the Fund has been shifted and twisted. At first it was a reward for good work and an incitement to scholarship, then a relief of disability, and now in its final form it has lost all tincture of the founder's brilliant philanthropy, and has become a shabby mechanism whereby the Butlers and Pritchetts of the educational world may bully their colleagues into orthodoxy and propriety. The new pension system is a simple life insurance scheme, compulsory to every member of the teaching staff of the university that accepts it. It is at last a sound business proposition perhaps, but in that case it offers no greater satisfaction than regular commercial insurance, and the college teacher has a sense of being cheated by a promise unfulfilled without being benefited by the offer of a substitute. A centralized, compulsory pension system has dangerous possibilities of limiting academic freedom, and while a system of insurance on this basis may rob death of its sting it may equally well rob life of its virtue.

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THE AVERAGE NEWSPAPER OFFICE STILL REMAINS a stronghold of cynicism when it comes to "colleges of journalism." Despite the best intentions in the world, the embryo newspaperman displaying a university label is apt to find that his credentials win him nothing but a skeptical smile. He may be a good reporter, but it remains to be proved—that is the usual attitude of the veterans of the "city room." His successes are heavily discounted. And the worst of it is that the prevailing attitude of doubt has a considerable basis in fact, and undoubtedly will continue to have so long as professors of journalism are recruited from the ranks of editorial wool-gatherers instead of reportorial news-gatherers. Our colleges and universities have fallen into the practice of filling their professorships with out-dated newspapermen capable by the old standards and traditions, but more or less completely out of tune with the aggressive, resourceful methods which prevail in metropolitan offices. These men, who have gradually slackened pace and dropped into editorial chairs, are naturally attracted to an opportunity to teach. In many instances, the call comes from their own alma mater. They are partially reabsorbed in the college atmosphere, and unconsciously they drift further and further from the mad current of the daily press. They teach journalism out of the fullness of their textbooks. Engrossed in vague reminiscent aspects of "newspaper ethics," they sometimes lose their grip on the common or garden variety of newspaper ethics—the ethics of "sticking to the sheet," the ethics which may allow you to damn your paper verbally, but which makes you work like a Trojan to beat the other fellow to the news, doggedly determined not to "fall down," or—what is far more odious—"lie down" on a story. No real reporter, raised from a cub, would ever try to justify himself if he did what one professor of journalism did recently, while "filling in" during the summer months on a metropolitan daily. On the night of a primary election, he was assigned to the board of elections with instructions to telephone the returns at half-hourly intervals. Now there is an unwritten law in the newspaper world that everybody works election nights, regardless of whether he has been on duty during the day or not. However, around eleven o'clock that evening, returns from the board of election suddenly ceased, and inquiry developed the fact that the professor had "left a long time ago." A telephone call to his residence revealed that he had gone to bed. A brief conversation, in which the professor affirmed that he "wasn't going to work day and night for anyone" and asked "what did they take him for?" brought the hot retort that he was "fired." When the professor revises his admirable textbook on journalism one wonders what use—if any—he will make of this episode. Might it not serve as the text for a new chapter, to be called, Ethics Versus Eight Hours' Sleep?

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN THE NATURAL SCIENCES were everywhere hampered by the type of religious prejudice that brands as heresy any interpretation of new data that runs contrary to the pre-established dogmas of orthodoxy. Today, however, scientific discussion of worlds-from-star-dust and man-from-the-amoeba arouse no more than the echoed thunder of an old resentment. It is not to be supposed on this account that human sentiments and emotions are no longer sensitive to the scientific challenge. What has really happened is this: the feelings that formerly clung to the church are now in large measure clustered about two other sacrosanct institutions—private property, and the national state. In consequence, while the biologists go their way in peace, the social scientists are menaced with all the hallowed spooks that did service when man was in the first agonies of accepting the monkey. It just happens that by some perversity of fate the last five years have brought forth a mass of economic and political data that demands analysis, and have at the same time produced a psychological complex that makes a scientific handling of this material well nigh impossible. The serviceability of political nationalism has been pretty severely tested by the war. Some men dared to question the theory of private property. Partisanship runs high, and science groans under the double strain of superabundant material and constricting emotions. Science—but not always the scientist—to use the term most loosely. Charles Downer Hazen, for instance, comes joyously to the task of defending man against the monkey. His *Fifty Years of Europe* (Holt) offers fifteen chapters of tolerably unbiased history, written before the war when it wasn't very hard to be unbiased, as a preface to one chapter of excited propaganda finished on armistice day, when cool heads were few and precious. If Mr. Hazen had waited till the Allies got through with Germany, he might have been willing to drop some of the adjectives we find attached to the Teuton name; of course he would not in any case have considered placing these colorful modifiers to the discredit of any other nation. His arraignment of the Bolsheviki will probably be accepted as authoritative for some weeks to come.

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THE STRUGGLE OF STRUGGLING RUSSIA

SIR: Kolchak's chief press agent in this country is hurt by my last articles on Russia. He has undertaken a series of personal attacks on me in the pages of *Struggling Russia*. My literary and revolutionary record gives me the right and carries with it an obligation to write all that I know on Russia, but at the same time does not require me to answer aspersions of personal character from hired agents.

I am glad only that the facts, which I referred to are "repudiated" in a very peculiar manner. Let us give a few examples, since it would be impossible to analyze Mr. Sack's prolix articles in entirety.

1. *Struggling Russia* writes (August 23, 1919):

Bashkirov is the accredited representative in this country of the Siberian Union of Creamery Societies and had every right and reason to sign the pro-Kolchak proclamation.

I wrote and I repeat again: Bashkirov is not a cooperative man, he was never elected regularly and is therefore not a lawful representative.

2. *Struggling Russia* denies that the Allies are the main support of the Russian "loyal" Governments.

Even the *New York Times* reports that the British fleet bombards Russian cities and—Mr. Sack is not aware of it!

3. The editor of Kolchak's magazine does not answer at all to my statement that the "high commissioner of the Omsk Government" in Washington, Mr. Okoulitch, was expelled by the representatives of the Russian Cooperatives from London, because of his close connections with British capitalists who aimed economically to colonize Russia.

4. *Struggling Russia* keeps silent about the pogromist Platon. Twice (in the *New Republic* and in *THE DIAL*) Platon was denounced and I asked why Mr. Sack is putting Jewish leaders in touch with a pogromist of the Czar? No answer followed. Only after the *Nation* wrote openly that that fact is known in some circles, Mr. Sack answered: "Metropolitan Platon does not need our defense" (sic) and further: "Prominent representatives of the American Jewry visited him to express to him their sympathy." I emphasize that these lines were written by Mr. Sack only after he was compelled to do so by the American liberal press and he still tries to convince the Jewish leaders that Platon is a democrat and then shows his reader that Platon is a democrat because the Jewish leaders came to his house. They did not come, they were deceived and brought by Mr. Sack.

5. *Struggling Russia* asserts that there is in stenographic reports of the third Duma a statement in favor of Platon "which never was repudiated." I could not find anything of this nature in the stenographic reports, but suppose for the moment it is true! So much the worse, because Mr. Sack

again deceives the American public, since the third Duma is known as the pogrom and reactionary Duma. The few liberals who were there were helpless before the forces of the black majority. The same Duma adopted a resolution (after a motion of Bishop Mitrophan) in which the liberals were called criminals and in which the Duma protested against calling the Czar only *monarch*, and left him the name of "Czar and Autocrat of All-Russia," whose power comes from God and cannot be restricted by any institution. (See stenographic report of the session of November 13, 1907). The third Duma was guilty in the famous white terror and the shameful process of Beiliss, whose main organizer, Lamislowsky, was the leader of the Pogrom and Octobrist majority of the third Duma and who worked in May 1907 with Platon and others near the Czar in their plot against the Duma itself. *Struggling Russia* began with Breshkovsky: I wrote then that Sack was abusing a great name. Now it is evident. He defends the pogrom makers, the Czarist people, the Black Hundred, here in this country. It is easy to infer what his chiefs are doing in Siberia.

With these lines I finish my answer and will not reply any more to Mr. Sack because I cannot reply to a man who speaks democracy and shakes Platon's hands, which are to my mind still dyed with Jewish blood.

GREGORY ZILBOORG.

New York City.

AN OPEN LETTER ON MEXICO

SIR: Mexico, on declaring her independence of the motherland, established a republican government and was unfortunately betrayed by her admiration of this country into the adoption of a federal system, for which no foundation had been laid in her previous history. From this cause, added to her inexperience in self government and to the want of intelligence among the mass of her population, her institutions have yielded very imperfectly the fruits of freedom. The country has been rent by factions, the capitol convulsed by revolutions, and the chief office of the state been secured by the military to popular chieftains.

The emigrants from this country (the United States) . . . went with open eyes, with full knowledge of the unsettled state of affairs, into this region of misrule and agitation.

That they were not always wisely governed, that their rights were not always respected, who can doubt? What else could be expected? Mexico is not wise. Mexico is not skilled in the science of human rights. Her civilization is very imperfect, as we . . . have always known, and a good government is one of the slowest fruits of civilization. In truth a good government exists nowhere. The errors and vices of rulers entail on every state.

Nothing is easier than for any and every people to draw up a list of wrongs; nothing more ruinous than to rebel because every claim is not treated with.

respect. A colony emigrating from a highly civilized country has no right to expect in a less favored state the privileges it has left behind.

(They) must have been insane if on entering Mexico they looked for an administration as faultless as that under which they lived. They might with equal reason have planted themselves in Russia, and then have unfurled the banner of independence near the throne of the Czar, because denied the immunities of their native land.

I now proceed to consider the real and great causes of the revolt.

The first great cause was the unbounded unprincipled spirit of land speculation. To show the scale on which this kind of plunder has been carried on, it may be stated that the legislature of Coahuila . . . in open violation of the laws of Mexico were induced "by a company of land speculators, never distinctly known, to grant them, in consideration of twenty thousand dollars, the extent of five hundred square leagues of the public land." This transaction was disavowed and the grant annulled by the Mexican government.

Great numbers in this country have nominal titles to land, which can only be substantiated by setting aside the authority of the General Congress of Mexico, and are, of consequence directly and strongly interested in severing this province from the Mexican Confederacy.

They looked abroad, and to whom did they look? To any foreign state? To the government under which they had formerly lived? No; their whole reliance was placed on selfish individuals in a neighboring republic at peace with Mexico.

Modern times furnish no example of individual rapine on so large a scale. It is nothing less than the robbery of a realm. The pirate seizes a ship. The colonists and their coadjutors can satisfy themselves with nothing short of an empire. They have left their Anglo-Saxon ancestors behind them. It is from a well ordered, enlightened Christian country that hordes have gone forth, in open day, to perpetrate this mighty wrong.

Does it consist with national honor, with national virtue, to receive to our embrace men who have prospered by crimes which we were bound to reprobate and repress?

The United States have not been just to Mexico. Our citizens did not steal singly, silently, in disguise, into that land. Their purpose of dismembering Mexico and attaching her distant province to this country was not wrapt in mystery. It was proclaimed in our public prints. The government, indeed, issued its proclamation, forbidding these hostile preparations, but this was a dead letter.

Are we willing to take our place among robber-states? As a people, have we no self-respect? Have we no reverence for national morality? Have we no feeling of responsibility to other nations and to Him by whom the fates of nations are disposed?

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

To Henry Clay, Boston, 1837.

RECONSTRUCTING THE CLASSICS

SIR: The interesting article by Royal Case Nemiah in your Spring Educational Number seemed to me to be less an argument for the reconstruction of the classics than for courses in comparative literature. Indeed, such schools as the University of Wisconsin in its department of comparative literature and the University of Texas in its school of general literature are offering precisely the course in epic poetry which Mr. Nemiah unwittingly outlined.

Mr. Nemiah bases his reform upon the high school. "In the secondary schools the main object must always be mastery of the formal and syntactical elements of the language..." he writes, but he adds "inasmuch as this discussion has to do with university problems it is permissible to pass over those which have to do with elementary instruction." This is precisely what is the matter with the classics. High school students who have to devote themselves to grubbing out Latin verbs are not likely to develop a passion for Virgil. It is at least instructive to imagine what would happen if the high schools should read the classics in translation; postponing the mastery of the formal and syntactical elements of the language until the students have had an opportunity to see the forest without being perpetually troubled by the trees.

Mr. Nemiah seems to argue that a knowledge of the language is necessary to an appreciation of the literature of Greece and Rome. I hesitate to thresh old straw; but we have respectable authority for translation. Emerson, it will be recalled, preferred to read his classics in English, that broad sea which receives all rivers in its bosom; and Keats, the most purely Greek of all our poets, could not read the tongue of Homer. We do lose in translation; the question is how much can we afford to lose? Here we may make a distinction. Lyric poetry is, for instance, too intimately bound up with the genius of the language to be readily translatable. The sorry "translations" of Heine are evidence of the immalleability of his *Lieder*. But with epic poetry and drama the loss is less; and with prose it reduces itself to a minimal quantity. The study of general literature proceeds upon the pragmatic theory that it is better to have read Homer in English than not to have read him at all. I confess that for the general student this seems to me to be the wise attitude.

In short, I trust that university reconstruction will involve an increasing importance for the study of comparative literature. The students should be linguistically equipped if they can be; but if they must read translations, let them read the best rather than not read at all. I confess that the sunset stealing over Greek and Latin seems to me ineluctable; we cannot, like Joshua, bid the luminary stand still; and this being the case, we need courses in general literature as the next best substitute.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES,

Missoula, Montana.

Notes on New Books

FRENCH EDUCATIONAL IDEALS OF TODAY.

Edited by Ferdinand Buisson and Frederic Ernest Farrington. 326 pages. World Book Co., Yonkers-on-Hudson.

Here is a volume on education that contributes nothing to the discussion of the comparative values of basket weaving and the three R's, football and calisthenics, stenography and the Gallic War. Rather it shows the French Republic face to face with a problem the existence of which has hardly been acknowledged in America—the problem of moral education. In America public education proceeds for the most part on the comfortable assumption that the Church still looks after this sort of thing. France can nurse no such delusion. The relation of the Republic with the Church is not one of casual indifference but of positive enmity. The Revolutionary tradition of human dignity, the freedom of the will, and the rights of man prepared France to dispense with the spiritual counsel of the Church, but on no account could moral education be allowed to remain in the hands of an institution thus alienated from the State. Spiritually the children of France might be Catholics if it so pleased them; morally they must be citizens of the Republic. "Since the Revolution," says Gabriel Seailles, one of the contributors to the volume under consideration, "national unity no longer rests upon sectarian unity, and this implies that civil society finds in itself, in its own conscience, if I may use the word, the principles which permit it to organize and to maintain itself . . . Society is capable of giving and is obliged to give its members an education whose elements are based upon its own requirements and its own aspirations." It is with the profound problems created by this situation that Julius Ferry, Ernest Lavisse, Jean Jauras, Georges Clemenceau, Ferdinand Buisson, Emile Durckheim, and most of the other contributors to this anthology of French educational thought are chiefly concerned. One does not attempt to brief the contributions to such a discussion. One recommends simply in all earnestness that they be read.

THE ENGLISH ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. By A. W. Newton. 299 pages. Longmans, Green.

COMPARATIVE EDUCATION. Edited by Peter Sandiford. 500 pages. Dutton.

The English Elementary School is an informative book. Its author, as inspector of schools, has had the opportunity to gather the materials for a complete educational Baedeker, a cross between a history and a guidebook. Types of schools, the makeup of school boards, the appointment of teachers, and the methods of finance—in short, the administrative side of the school is what occupies Mr. Newton's attention. The broader aspects of his subject the author does not touch upon. Nevertheless there

are points of immediate American interest. The New York school teacher will note with satisfaction, for example, that the system of ratings which ties them hand and foot was discarded in England many years ago. The freedom of the English school unit becomes evident, again, in the examination of various national school systems brought together under the editorial direction of Mr. Sandiford. English teachers, it appears, suffer less external control than those of any other nation, and there is plenty of elbow room for experiment and local adaptation. But England is still at heart aristocratic, or at least oligarchic, and the school system also has followed caste distinctions, a dividing line being drawn between the "public" schools and the traditional Public Schools. For democratic practice the example of Denmark is most pregnant, an example not sufficiently taken to heart in our rural regions. The Danish folk high school has turned depressed country louts into intelligent cooperative farmers, and has checked the drift from the land to the cities by offering the farm workers the cultural advantages of citizenship. The Danish school system does not stop at an artificially determined "school age"; it is a meeting place for the entire adult community, and it provides an atmosphere of song, gymnastics, and play which surrounds all the "practical" work of instruction.

LETTERS TO TEACHERS. By Hartley Burr Alexander. 253 pages. Open Court; Chicago.

PROBLEMS OF THE SECONDARY TEACHER. By William Jerusalem. Translated by Charles F. Sanders. 253 pages. Badger, Boston.

Both Professor Alexander and Professor Jerusalem are philosophers and humanists, and they are both concerned with the methods and aims of teaching. But at this point their similarity ends; for educational tradition in Nebraska is still in the making, and Professor Alexander is concerned that it should be formed in the spirit of liberalism and the humanities, while in Vienna education is stiff with the precepts and the precedents of the drill-master and the administrator, and Professor Jerusalem's suggestions at their most daring pitch only hint how the weight of the burden may be borne with a little better grace. If the teacher wishes an insight into the workings of the German educational system, as it impinges itself on a mind that has sought freedom within its limits, Professor Jerusalem's text will serve admirably; but if he seeks inspiration and criticism and personal suggestion for dealing with his own day-to-day problems he will find that Letters to Teachers is a book to be placed on the same shelf as those Talks to Teachers whose place in the literature of education is now well-nigh hallowed. Professor Alexander is concerned to combat the spirit of regimentation, of administrative centralization, of an illiberal curriculum, of standardization, of servility to texts and methods, in short

of the dangers that threaten every good institution when the forms dominate the spirit and subdue it. Those who talk glibly of a National System of Education would do well to ponder Professor Alexander's criticism. Is the gain of a universal standard throughout the nation worth the risk of emphasizing system to the neglect of education? A glance at Professor Jerusalem's book should confirm the negative reply!

NEW SCHOOLS FOR OLD. By Evelyn Dewey.
337 pages. Dutton.

Miss Dewey tells a story of a remarkable revolution which was accomplished in a farming district in Missouri. The heroine of the story is the teacher of the little district school. Mrs. Harvey went to the school with a plot but no plans. While a teacher in the Kirkwell Normal School she had come to understand why the school failed to interest the pupils although it had introduced a curriculum consonant with modern school practice and related to rural life. The trouble with this school was that it treated rural life in the abstract and passed by the actual problems of the particular community for which the school was established. Mrs. Harvey went to the Porter School with the determination to discover what the problems of the district were. The second spring after her arrival the blister beetle appeared. The school, with the advice of farm bulletins, helped in the extermination of the beetles. After an investigation of the best preventive measures in use the school took the lead in heading off the hog cholera. Mrs. Harvey did not enter the district as a disciple of scientific agriculture, but the result of her entry was that the practice of the community in dealing with its problems was supported by the scientific technique which the school introduced. The problems were no longer isolated personal affairs but matters of general interest, and because of this they received all the time and attention which their solution required. There is no graduation day at the Porter School, as there is no separation between school and community interests. And what is final proof for the farmers that Mrs. Harvey had wrought a revolution is that the young people for the most part remain in the district. Miss Dewey's story portrays a succession of developments which are rich and stimulating in suggestion for all people who are interested in education, problems of cooperative effort, and rural life.

THE COLLEGES IN WAR TIME AND AFTER.
By Parke Rexford Kolbe. 320 pages.
Appleton.

Dr. Kolbe, as a special collaborator in the United States Bureau of Education, is well qualified to compile statistics on collegiate participation in the nation's war program. His book, one of the

Wickware series on problems of war and reconstruction, shows the marks of extensive inquiry and investigation, and represents the accumulation of many pertinent figures and facts. Although one cannot always accept his deductions without a grain of salt, yet one must be grateful to him for the material which he presents. The book does not propose to be a scientific consideration of reconstruction problems for the colleges and universities of America. It is simply a record of their unanimous response to the call of war, of the adjustments which they were sometimes eager and sometimes compelled to make, and of their almost universal success in maintaining themselves through the trials and difficulties of a dangerous period. It is true that Dr. Kolbe occasionally theorizes concerning significant problems of higher education which the war has poked out of a somewhat dormant state of discussion, but his main purpose is not the solution of these, only their presentation. He forecasts a growing nationalization of the universities, the four-quarter plan of curriculum, a well-justified increase in the pay of college instructors, new intensive training courses modeled after the Army and Navy types, the substitution of Spanish and French for German, a great demand for college-trained women, and a rapid popularization and democratization of all institutes of higher learning. He advocates a Secretary of Education to have a place in the President's cabinet, an acceptance of some kind of military training, an Intercollegiate Intelligence Bureau for the proper placement of college products, and the liberal expenditure of government funds in the promotion of college research for the public good. Nor does he forget to say, "It should be the solemn duty of the colleges to encourage classical study in every possible way in the years to come, so that its humanizing influence may not be entirely lost to our modern civilization."

It is readily seen that he has nothing new to offer. His most startling recommendation is the establishment of a constitutional Department of Education, which has been discussed and advocated for many months by the N.E.A., the Bureau of Education, and other pedagogic institutions. He is much too kind to be acceptably honest. He camouflages the practical failure of the S.A.T.C. with a thick coat of gentle apologies and good-hearted explanations; yet it was that very S.A.T.C. system which laid such a heavy burden of financial loss and internal adjustment on the colleges and universities of the country that it almost broke the backs of many. His record, however, is built in general on undeniably accurate information, since it comes from the institutions themselves, and his appendices present a complete list of all military units authorized, the regulations and curricula of both R.O.T.C. and S.A.T.C., and important data on the actual war contribution of six large representative universities.

THE MENTAL HYGIENE OF CHILDHOOD. By William A. White. 193 pages. Little, Brown; Boston.

THE CHILD'S UNCONSCIOUS MIND. The Relations of Psychoanalysis to Education. By Wilfred Lay. 325 pages. Dodd, Mead.

The reader of this book feels that Dr. White's experience with children and adults who have failed from difficulties in mental adjustment must be of great value for those who have to do with children who may yet be saved from failure. Unfortunately the message is not presented in a manner that will reach the very people who have greatest need for it; namely, the masses of parents without technical training, or without special ability in translating concentrated abstractions into practical conduct. Dr. White emphasizes the sexual elements in the child's impulses, and the normal antagonisms between parents and children—two sets of forces that have been obscured by convention but that continue to do their work in spite of society's disregard of them. The chapter on The Family Situation is excellent, and if the reader started with this one, much of the earlier part would be more intelligible. It is to be hoped that Dr. White will write another book that will make his substantial contribution to this field more generally available.

We are in great need of books that will effectively introduce teachers and parents to the subject of the child's unconscious mind. As in all other departments of thought and education, the ordinary classroom teacher is a generation behind the investigations that should furnish the essentials of his method and his subject matter; and anything that will bring the school's procedure and the results of research a little closer together deserves hearty commendation and encouragement. The person who has not yet had his first introduction to the modern analytical psychology will hardly find in Dr. Lay's book the means for overcoming the usual prejudices and resistances, although the presentation is here much simpler than he is likely to find elsewhere in an English treatise. From a pedagogical viewpoint the work is very uneven. The treatment of introjection, for example, is lucid and helpful; the treatment of rationalization, which has such great possibilities for the teacher, and the treatment of the partial trends, are far from satisfactory. The author sees social and educational possibilities in exhibitionism; but sees only tendencies to repress in the others. He has a real appreciation of ambivalence; but unless the reader already understands what to do about it, this book will hardly help him.

Dr. Lay rightly emphasizes the need for bringing the work of the classroom closer to the realities of the outside world; the school is still too much a cloister. But his own suggestions of reality strike one as verging on the academic, to say the least. His introduction of the spelling bee method as a means of getting immediate rewards and punish-

ments for training for adult life is characteristic of his interpretation of realities. Thus, he emphasizes the importance of giving special consideration to the exceptional children who are the seeds of the future's progress (children who are not going to be helped if the ordinary teacher learns that they are called "neurotics"); yet he insists that the efforts of the teacher be directed toward fitting the children to living in the late-Victorian era of commercial competition. Again, he attributes the low efficiency of industrial workers not trained in modern scientific standardized motions to the "unconscious wish" to keep down production. Here the author unconsciously tells us what newspapers he reads.

But Dr. Lay has written the first book we have in this field, and we shall have to use it until a better one comes along.

APPLIED EUGENICS. By Paul Popenoe and Roswell Hill Johnson. 459 pages. Macmillan.

This book on eugenics has all the weight of external authority, because it is written by Paul Popenoe, the editor of the Journal of the American Genetics Association, and Prof. Roswell Hill Johnson of the University of Pittsburgh, in such skilful collaboration that it is hard to tell where one begins and the other leaves off. Unfortunately it tries to preserve an even balance between the followers of Mendelian research and the biometric school of Karl Pearson, and in so doing it inevitably does injustice to those who believe that heredity is a matter of biology and not of logarithms. It is true that extreme statements of the Mendelian school need modification, and the terminology of this new method needs clarification, but the hope of students of heredity lies in this approach to the problem. In *The Progress of Eugenics*, published in 1910, Professor Caleb W. Saleeby said of the Eugenics Records Office that it "has applied the principles of a new department of knowledge to the study of human heredity and has added more to our exact knowledge of that fundamental subject, in the last four years than all preceding time could record." A prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and the authors make only two slighting references to the Eugenics Records Office. There is no summary of the Mendelian law, although it should be explained for the benefit of the lay reader; yet there are several plates and diagrams to illustrate the Pearsonian doctrine, although they would be better fitted for a textbook on mathematics.

While it is disappointing to find such lack of perspective in the chapters which deal with the theoretic aspects of eugenics, the rest of the book covers the ground very thoroughly, and contains much new matter. The Kallikak family and the Jukes are given somewhat of a rest, which must ease them of the burden of being the stock example of eugenics. There is ultimately discussion of segre-

gation, sterilization, and other social remedies for defective germplasm, and the authors discuss Socialism, Prohibition, the Single Tax, Religion, and several other social themes, clearly but rather arbitrarily with reference to their bearing on the eugenic problem.

THE STARLING. By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. 267 pages. Bobbs-Merrill.

There is no novelty in the theme of *The Starling*—the pathetic repressions which may be inflicted by home environment upon a child—but the author has handled it with such insight and such artistry that it seems almost new. The central character, that of the daughter of a professor who wraps his sensitive feelings in the mantle of a domestic martyr in lieu of some more human dressing-gown, is sketched with deft strokes and with a freedom from mawkish exaggeration. One is permitted to watch the development of character with a certain detachment, but with the sympathies constantly alert. In a word, the author's pen has kept pace with the story without prodding it. The most successful portion of the book is the earlier chapters, in which the child reacts most keenly to the cramping personality of a father who must not be disturbed and whose wishes are mandates of isolation. These pages are marked by imagination and restraint. Toward the close of the story, the author falls into well-worn grooves of conformity, and the love interest is rendered in the conventional molds. The style, with its undercurrent of tolerant humor, is smoothly adapted to the narrative.

OXFORD POETRY, 1918. Edited by T.W.E., E.F.A.G., and D.L.S. 55 pages. Longmans, Green.

It is a curious gift of the English, a part of their literary tradition that their merest balderdash is written with a style that Americans are content to admire without being able to imitate. One has but to compare the output of Oxford with the stuff published in various American counterparts of this university anthology to find in the former a quality of its own. In the latest annual, however, this quality is strained to its thinness. The verse is unhappily literary, full of those echoes common to youth, and of the mild clamor over love and death incident to the same season. It is the more disappointing partly because one expects more from the youth of England, partly because previous years have made a better showing. The war, which must have shaken Oxford deeply, seems hardly to have touched her vocal men. Even Robert Nichols is represented by such a stale, if technically careful, piece of writing as *Closing Lines from "Polyphemus His Passion": A Pastoral*. The poem is much like its title. T. W. Earp, whom one has learned to look for, retreats to the cloister in some

pretty lines addressed to *Our Lady of Light*. One sonnet is sufficiently occasional to prick interest: it is called *The Journalist*, and denounces the unnamed Northcliffe as one who "forged a chain to lead the people by" and "pulled the strings that shook their statesmen down." Margaret Leigh, who is its author, made similar angry stabs at a diplomat and a profiteer, respectively, which can hardly hurt them, since the poems are epitaphs. Nor are they the sort that echo in dead men's ears. The two things worth consideration are a poem on a praying idiot, by L. A. G. Strong, which is simple and vivid; and the evocative, if not completely successful. *Incompatibility*, by H. C. Harwood.

THE NEMESIS OF MEDIOCRITY. By Ralph Adams Cram. 52 pages. Marshall Jones, Boston.

THE GREAT THOUSAND YEARS AND TEN YEARS AFTER. By Ralph Adams Cram. 68 pages. Marshall Jones, Boston.

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS. By Ralph Adams Cram. 114 pages. Marshall Jones, Boston.

If you build Gothic churches on Fifth Avenue or otherwise try to make modern life into medieval molds, and if you find that the two sets of things make a total failure of their partnership, you can either find fault with the attempt to unite them or you can find fault with modern life. That is what Dr. Cram does in his three recent books. He does it very well indeed; few people could read these essays without finding themselves in frequent agreement with the writer, for his arraignment of our period is the result of careful study and is well documented. But it is one thing to see an evil and another to propose an effective remedy for it. With all the interest that attaches to the author's account of *The Great Thousand Years*, he is unconvincing when he states that "the base of operations for the regime will be, so far as man can make it, the base established by the era we call Mediaevalism." Doubt comes into one's mind, however, if only because of the length to which he goes in his claims, as when, a few lines below, in speaking of the period between the years 500 and 1500, he says: "Beside its ideals, its impulses, its achievements, all that went before seems tentative, all that follows—shall I say it?—slightly ridiculous." We all like to listen to a man who has enthusiasm for his subject, but when it warps him away from a balanced judgment of life as a whole, he forfeits all right to serve as a guide.

How can one read *The Nemesis of Mediocrity* with that secure feeling which one has in following the logic of an impartial writer, when one remembers that it is a sort of party pamphlet, designed to turn votes to a certain group of candidates in the race for world leadership? If one does not remember it, the author reminds one of the fact by such

devices as making the "protagonists of modernism" offer as the leaders of thought in our time "Edison and Marconi and Krupp; Sage, Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie and the great Hebrew financiers of Europe. They will offer Ford, Harmsworth, Hearst; the packers of Chicago, the mill magnates of New England, the coal and iron barons of Pennsylvania." Had Dr. Cram been a little less explicit, with his Fords and his Hearsts and his Chicago packers, he might have more chance of convincing the reader that the "modernism" he is on the track of is a successful working out of what is essential in our time.

He does not know our time; he does not know the relation of one epoch to another, else he could not write: "Certainly there is something in *vers libre* and post impressionism and the products of the cubist sculptors that escapes one in Browning and Burne-Jones and Saint Gaudens. . . . But when it is assumed that they take their place, the argument needs fortifying by something other than either the dictum itself or their own accomplishments." Dr. Cram might again have made out a stronger case for the preceding decades had he known to choose better representatives of it than Burne-Jones and Saint Gaudens. There is no proof in questions of art, so that the fortifying something which is to go beyond present-day achievement, and our opinions of it, cannot be given until posterity delivers its judgment. Aside from all the "modernistic" conviction one may have that Matisse and Duchamp-Villon are immeasurably better artists than those cited by Dr. Cram to drive home his idea of the mediocrity of today, there is his more demonstrable error as to the men of one period taking the place of another. Do the Gothic artists beloved of Dr. Cram and everyone else "take the place" of the Greeks? Not even he would be apt to claim that. They lived their lives, sublimely creative, sublimely free from a past with which they had no concern. That he does not see this as the real example they have to offer us is proof that Dr. Cram has yet to get deeper into the meaning of their period.

SAUL. By Corinne Lowe. 347 pages. McCann, New York.

"Can any gentile really understand Jewish traits and characteristics well enough to embody them in a novel which portrays an intimate idea of the development of the Jewish character?" asks the jacket of Miss Lowe's book. If Saul is the answer, it must be "no." The author has caught practically everything except that *au-dela*, lacking which the spirit fails. She has evidently studied the garment trade quite carefully: she knows the legitimate and the dubious intrigues which make business a kind of sordid game; she understands the interplay between wholesaler and retailer; she is reasonably right in her dialect. But these things are bare externals; what she is avowedly trying for is the Jewish character. Her idea of it is the

familiar one of a blend of commercial bravado and artistic sensitiveness. But her treatment of it is that of an amateur who uses all the ingredients the cook-book demands, and curiously fails to obtain an edible mess. One is painfully aware of the author watching her water boil, and measuring out her spices. The book is readable enough, as the common run of novels go in this novel-reading and novel-writing country. But it is American cooking; the Jew wants something richer and fragrant with a more intimate national savor.

MUSEUM IDEALS OF PURPOSE AND METHOD. By I. Gilman. 434 pages. Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

This book, though a reprint of occasional papers dating mainly from the last fifteen years, would appear to be the product of a lifetime devoted to museum work by an almost restlessly alert mind. The essays, printed originally in journals of art, education, science, and architecture, range from the most glittering generalities of esthetic theory to the concrete directions how to bind a "gallery book" or to fold a "skiascope"; but, though so diversified and of so scattered origin, they form as a whole an extraordinary exposition of theory on collecting for art museums; on housing, installing, and interpreting such collections to the public; and on administering such institutions efficiently. Since the great royal collections of Europe were nationalized, still more since the recent American collections were formed, museums have felt under increasing obligation to reach the public for which they exist. The appropriation of public taxes to modern municipal galleries (the Boston museum is still, however, privately supported) has increased this obligation, so that museum workers seem to feel that they must select and install, so far as is possible without sacrifice of artistic standard, for the man in the street. Indeed some sentences in Mr. Gilman's book almost imply the obligation to go into the byways and hedges and compel, or at least entreat, the man in from the street. There is an infectious and apostolic fervor in this faith that beautiful things express an ennobling gospel, and that a burden is laid upon the museum to preach it. The museum, as Mr. Gilman puts it, may not longer remain "gardant," but must become "monstrant" and even "docent."

This aim must not, however, conflict with the dominance of the right, esthetic purpose over the mistaken, educational one. Upon no idea is Mr. Gilman's discussion more insistent, urging a complete abandonment of the conceptions and interests current in the latter years of the last century and influential upon the larger public art museums then established. Through the Victorian era taste centered upon the intellectual content of works of art, which were mainly paintings of portraits or literary or religious subjects. Of the ethical or the narrative and anecdotic strain in British art the

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Tate gallery is a monument; and it was encouraged by the moralizing criticism of Ruskin. In American taste a more naive expression appeared in Hawthorne's discussions in *The Marble Faun*, which may be strikingly paralleled from the letters and journals of Washington Allston. But two counter influences arose toward the end of the century: the revival, associated with the name of William Morris, of decorative art, which almost ignores intellectual content and appeals through line, area, form, and color; and the rise of appreciation of Japanese art, which so strongly subordinates the representative motive. So long as this intellectual appeal of artistic productions remained dominant, the art museum filled an educational function: its collections aimed at continuity or completeness as a history of the arts; its installation considered mainly historical or biographical relations. Evidently these must frequently conflict with a purely esthetic ideal, of showing only the most beautiful things beautifully installed. The synthesis of these two interests is the task of the museum today.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND AND NORMANDY.

By Sir Francis Palgrave. 2 Vols. Putnam.

Presumably Sir Francis Palgrave discusses England in the latter part of his four volume work: for in the two volumes under review he confines himself to a study of Western Europe during the ninth and tenth centuries. Of all the epochs of European history this is certainly the most anarchical, the most devoid of all central authority. It is equally far removed from the Roman Empire and the modern state. The grandiose realm of Charlemagne, which united Europe from the North Sea to the Mediterranean and from the Elbe to the Ebro, fell to pieces soon after the death of its founder. No Hildebrand had yet come to regenerate the medieval Papacy and raise it to a position where it could assume the powers and responsibilities of an international high court of justice. The historian of this dark and troubled era is confronted by several obvious difficulties. He has no dominant motive of national development or imperial expansion to guide him; he has no Tacitus or Thucydides to give a vivid and intelligible interpretation of the spirit and personalities of the time. Instead he has to grope his way through a maze of inchoate states, whose boundaries change overnight with bewildering rapidity. For his sources of information he must rely upon monkish chroniclers, who are often prejudiced, usually ill informed, and always dull. At the same time an historical genius could certainly make a great deal out of this period of flux and transition from ancient to modern civilization. The curious mixture of Roman and Teutonic laws and customs, the various peculiar features of the feudal system, the first signs of budding French and German nationalism, all these themes and many others offer promise to the investigator whose scientific accuracy is touched with a certain measure of imagination. Sir Francis Pal-

grave, however, scarcely rises to his opportunities. He has a great deal more to say about the genealogical tables of the Carolingian family than about the life of the peoples whom they misgoverned. His work is a purely political chronicle; it ignores the cultural and economic factors which alone make a political chronicle intelligible. Sir Francis' volumes provide a large quantity of detailed information for the special student of medieval history; otherwise their appeal is distinctly limited.

THE FIVE REPUBLICS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

By Dana J. Munro. 332 pages. Oxford University Press.

The author spent some two years in these countries and derived his information as far as possible at first hand. It is the fairest presentation of conditions and problems yet made and is indispensable to everyone in the least interested in the Isthmian lands. After a brief description of the Isthmian region as a whole, Munro sharply distinguishes the three parts into which it actually separates—Guatemala, Salvador-Honduras-Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. The large, northern republic of Guatemala has always had a dominant influence. In Spanish times it was the center of administration. Too rich and powerful to be willing to subordinate itself in a society of nations, it has always been the chief obstacle to every plan of union. With a population three-quarters made up of pure Indians, it has been a land of large estates, the successful development of which has depended upon the worst kind of peon labor. The three middle republics—Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua—have much in common. The population is almost wholly mestizo—mixed blood—there being few pure Indians. In Nicaragua and Honduras there is much undeveloped land and a scant population. Turbulence and revolution have been conspicuous. Salvador is, in many ways, the most interesting part of the Isthmus. It has the densest population in any American country, yet is the smallest republic of the New World continents. It exhibits an industry and enterprise beyond its neighbors and has ever been notable for advanced and liberal ideas in politics. Natural community of interests, general similarity of population, and geographical position unite it, however, with the other two; and there is no good reason why the three should not combine into one aggressive and developing nation, with Salvador as leader. The republic of Costa Rica has always pursued a rather independent line of development. The Indian is of no importance in her present population; the turbulent mestizo is less in evidence than in the three middle republics; Spanish blood is present in larger proportion than anywhere else in Central America. Land is chiefly in small holdings and the owners have been more inclined to occupy themselves in its development than elsewhere. The people have been ambitious, but politics have been sane; revolutions

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have been few; though tenacious of her rights, Costa Rica has largely left her neighbors to themselves.

Munro studies the problems of Central America in detail. That the five republics might wisely unite has been recognized from the first. Almost immediately after their bloodless revolution against Spain, they did unite into a nation of Central America. That has not been the only attempt at union. Not only have general unions of all been attempted, but many efforts have been made to combine two or three of the middle republics. Revolutions have been so common in Central America as to become a byword. Still, where they have not been instigated by outsiders, there has usually been some actual principle or legitimate tendency involved. Wars between the republics have been frequent and unfortunate. Our own interference in Central American affairs has done little good and has been chiefly effective in arousing distrust and hatred. The Conference of Washington in 1907, held at our instigation, gave promise of result by the neutralization of Honduras and the establishment of the Central American Court and the International Office, but the influence of these has been more than destroyed by our inexcusable interference through years in Nicaragua and our defiance of the decisions of the Court when they are adverse to our schemes. There has been little of self-determination for the Central American republics since 1909, and our interference—dictated purely by commercial policies—has been continuous and selfish.

ENGLISH LITERATURE DURING THE LAST HALF CENTURY. By John W. Cunliffe. 315 pages. Macmillan.

This volume, which is neither oppressively erudite nor superficially popular in style, discusses the chief figures in English literature during the past fifty years or so. Professor Cunliffe, who is a professor of English in Columbia University and Associate Director of the School of Journalism, has met the need for accessible and accurate information concerning the life and works of the more recent writers, some of whom, indeed, are still actively producing books. Hence his study has for its purpose more the giving of helpful information concerning the authors of the period, than ex cathedra utterances as to their literary precedence. This is an extremely useful handbook for students and an excellent reference work for libraries. The critical estimates and theories are sound and sane, so that the uninformed reader would not go astray in following the ideas expressed. The style is careful yet easy, and while for the most part reserved rather than impassioned, it has passages of happy sympathy. From among the authors now dead, Professor Cunliffe selects for analysis George Meredith, Samuel Butler, Robert Louis Stevenson, and George Gissing. Of the living, he takes up Hardy, Shaw, Kipling, Conrad, Wells, Galsworthy, and Bennett.

In addition, there are interesting chapters on The Irish Movement, The New Poets, and The New Novelists. The new poets whom he treats of are Masfield, Rupert Brooke, Wilfred Wilson Gibson, William H. Davies, Walter de La Mare, and Lascelles Abercrombie, while the present-day novelists to whom he assigns places of prominence are Hugh Walpole, Gilbert Cannan, Compton Mackenzie, and D. H. Lawrence.

DICTIONARY OF THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH
Edited by James Hastings. 2 Vols. Scribner.

Hastings' Dictionaries in various branches of the field of religion appear with marvelous fecundity. The latest manifestation features its debut with the apologetic explanation that it is a companion to the earlier Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels, carrying the history of the Christian Church to the end of the first century and forming a complete dictionary of the New Testament. These last volumes maintain the high standard of the previous Hastings works in neatness of appearance, order of arrangement, completeness of scope, and character of articles, which are by leading scholars in the New Testament field. The tone of the individual articles is predominantly that of scientific biblical criticism. But because of their assumption of the knowledge of *materia critica*—languages, technical terms, and so forth—on the part of the reader, they make the dictionary essentially one for scholars. This may do for British clergymen, but will not meet the need of the average American Protestant pastor. There is still a great need for a dictionary conveying the results of critical scholarship with a simplicity and perspicacity compatible with the training of the American ministry, and not confining itself exclusively to critical problems.

ELEMENTS OF CONSTRUCTIVE PHILOSOPHY.
By J. S. Mackenzie. 487 pages. Macmillan.

Professor Mackenzie's erudition is immense, and his learning is no more unusual than his clearness of presentation and his admirable spirit. He is scholarly and interesting without a suggestion of the "high-brow" or a touch of the dilettante. His book is an illuminating illustration of the riches connected by the term scholarship. From the Greeks down through the contemporary neo-realists and pragmatists he has read and meditated his way, learning much from this long history of speculation, but bowing to no philosophic dogma. Whatever one may think of the author's philosophic method (which is essentially that of Descartes), whether one accepts his revised Hegelianism or not, one appreciates the thoroughness with which he did his work. The author is evidently one of those rare people who do not grow old, so that his book has lost nothing but superficiality for being begun over a quarter of a century ago.

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There are few problems which engage the attention of the more serious minded which would not be illuminated by a reading of sections devoted to the topic in question. I mention at random such questions as, the nature of personality, the question of immortality, the conception of value, the significance of social consciousness, the problem of human freedom, as well as more technical subjects, such as, causation, the structure of the universe, the nature of truth and reality, and so on. Incidentally the author is a demonstration of the fact that one may join the pragmatists in their demand that philosophy be a guide of life instead of a dialectical ring around the rosie, and yet refuse to accept their dictum that only the problems which they find interesting have meaning and significance. Professor Mackenzie revels in what the pragmatists call dead issues, while all the while his central interest is Life.

In common with many teachers who have devoted years to their subject, he takes for granted a great deal more in the way of specialized background than his readers are prepared to supply. This defect is to some extent made good for those who intend to specialize in philosophy, by continuous reference to a wide variety of well-selected philosophical literature, but for the rest the discussion remains too fragmentary to accomplish the result the author aims at. Nevertheless, to college students seriously interested in philosophy, and to any one willing to devote some years of more or less continuous study to the achievement of a comprehensive Weltanschauung, Professor Mackenzie's book may be recommended as an excellent guide. And one may fairly promise the student who thus associates with Professor Mackenzie, what Protagoras promised those who came to him: he will return home the first day a wiser and better man than when he came, and wiser and better on the second day than on the first.

SECOND MARRIAGE. By Viola Meynell. 380 pages. Doran.

A cumulative sense of dissatisfaction attends the reading of Miss Meynell's latest book—the first, by the way, of her several successful novels to be brought out in America. Not that the book is bleakly uninspired—quite the contrary—but the flashes of inspiration are so fitful that the failure of the author to come through to large accomplishment is disappointing, the inevitable consequence of larger promises unfulfilled. Like one of her characters, Arnold, Miss Meynell is perpetually defeating herself because of her vagrant interests. She is unwilling to concentrate—to let her keen superficial observations of personality deepen into sound knowledge of character—lest in so doing she lose, for herself and us, even one passing acquaintance, one transient scene. Yet *Second Marriage* is capably written, and should Miss Meynell ever come to brood intently upon her characters, she would probably produce a novel at once significant and full.

Books of the Fortnight

Bolshevik Aims and Ideals (90 pages; Macmillan) presents two papers which appeared originally in *The Round Table*, and—incidentally—adheres to that journal's annoying tradition of anonymity. With an air of judicious detachment the author draws a fine distinction between the "tyranny" of Lenin and the "firm" policy of Kolchak. Then, having emphasized the fact that "in its present form Bolshevism must either spread or die," he offers to the Allies the choice between neutrality and intervention, peace and war. This, as if the choice were yet to be made!

Intervention in Mexico, by Samuel Guy Inman (244 pages; Association Press), faces very frankly the difficulties of the Mexican situation, and suggests as a remedy, not intervention, but the development, with the financial aid of the United States, of a program of educational, social, literary, and medical activities designed to build a Mexican citizenship fully capable of self-government. Review later.

China of the Chinese, by E. T. C. Werner (309 pages; Scribner), offers an historical study of Chinese domestic, ceremonial, political, and ecclesiastical institutions, prefaced by a short summary of the country's political history. Review later.

French Ways and Their Meaning, by Edith Wharton (149 pages; Appleton), is an intimate and interesting commentary, with wisdom enough in some of its single sentences to furnish the *raison d'être* of a more pretentious volume. Review later.

Government Organization in War Time and After, by William Franklin Willoughby (370 pages; Appleton), as a matter-of-fact survey of Federal agencies not even dimly forecast in the Constitution, may well serve as a basis for a political analysis of a completely mobilized state.

American Foreign Trade, by Charles M. Pepper (150 pages; Century), blows the call to "a new era . . . an era of competition," when the American business man will find himself "a world business man" and the United States will be the exemplar, in the foreign field, of the economic individualism which has proved so highly salutary at home.

After-War Atlas and Gazetteer of the World, edited by Francis J. Reynolds (364 pages; Reynolds Publishing Co., New York), combines a multiplicity of maps, both of cities and of countries—including the boundaries established by the first treaty of Versailles—with a commentary on the war and a digest of state motor laws. A book that lives up to American standards of mapmaking.

The Heroic Record of the British Navy, by Archibald Hurd and H. H. Bashford (503 pages; Doubleday, Page), is a thoroughly British appraisal of the part that maritime power played in the war. Its bias may be judged from its claim of the Jutland affair as a great victory for the English fleet. The war itself is held to have been a sailors' triumph.

Frederick the Great, by Norwood Young (433 pages; Holt), purposes to throw new light on the career that Carlyle so worshipfully interpreted and to this end introduces new material. Review later.

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Employment Psychology, by Henry C. Link (440 pages; Macmillan), applies the technique of the psychological laboratory to the selection and training of workers. The tests devised by Dr. Link were developed under actual factory and office conditions. A scientific work, not to be confused with the pseudo-psychology of character reading to which many "practical" business men have become addicted. Review later.

Industrial Nursing, by Florence Swift Wright (179 pages; Macmillan), addresses itself to industrial, public health, and pupil nurses, and employers of labor. It discusses the history of industrial nursing, the training needed, the routine of the day's work, and the interrelation of the nurse and the employment office.

Towards Racial Health, by Norah H. March (320 pages; Dutton), endeavors to provide parents, teachers, and social workers with the means of guiding the mental and sexual life of the adolescent. The soundness of the author's biological background is attested by Professor J. Arthur Thomson's commendatory foreword, while her willingness to deal with delicate practical difficulties betrays the sympathetic understanding and intimate personal knowledge of the teacher.

Social Games and Group Dances, by J. C. Elsom and Blanche Trilling (illustrated, 258 pages; Lippincott, Philadelphia), is the most useful collection of "ice breakers" yet elicited by the community movement.

Town Improvement, by Frederick Noble Evans (261 pages; Appleton), is evidence of this publisher's generous interest in municipal improvement rather than of the author's ability to add any new elements to a phase of city planning which the works of Nolen, Robinson, Zueblin, and Lewis have fully explored. A new and more searching investigation of the nature of cities is needed, rather than a simplification of facts and formulae already notorious.

New Towns After the War: An Argument for Garden Cities, by New Townsmen (84 pages; Dent, London), begins with a recognition of Great Britain's shortage of 1,000,000 houses and shows how the situation may be turned to advantage by building new garden cities—at least a hundred of them—on the Letchworth plan.

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The New Science of Analysing Character, by Harry R. Balkin (249 pages; Four Seas Co.), is a familiar attempt to put phrenology to work for business profit. The futility of explaining the complex combinations that make up an individual character in terms of these abstract formulae is no less evident in this book than in its numerous predecessors.

How to Teach Religion: Principles and Methods, by George Herbert Betts (223 pages; Abingdon Press), treats the content of religion as identical with that of ethics, and indicates how this material may be used effectively in classroom work. Its perception of values is not keen enough to differentiate the instincts of wonder and self-abasement from the conventional attitudes of religiosity.

The Evolution of the Dragon, by G. Elliot Smith (illustrated, 234 pages; Longmans, Green), has all the virtues and most of the vices of scholarly speculation in a field where the investigating scholar is not professionally at home. While the Professor of Anatomy at Manchester has tracked the dragon with provocative enthusiasm, daring conjecture, and unremitting ingenuity, he has also out-anthropologized the most doctrinaire anthropology in support of his persuasion that religion had a single source, from which it spread over the earth, and he has permitted himself enough disorder, repetition, and discursiveness to weaken confidence in his methods.

A Handbook of Greek Vase Painting, by Mary A. B. Herford (125 pages; Longmans, Green), a comprehensive study, fully illustrated, is calculated to delight any reader capable of being interested in one of the most significant forms of antique art and in its relations to the life of the period. The author's contagious zest makes fascinating a subject which would otherwise attract chiefly students of art and archaeology.

Violin Mastery, by Frederick H. Martens (292 pages; Stokes), is a symposium of interviews with twenty-four violinists—from Ysaye to Toscha Seidel—introduced by biographical notes and decorated with photographs. Yet this bushel of professional chaff will yield the pupil many a sound kernel of advice.

Canoeing, Sailing and Motor Boating, by Warren H. Miller (351 pages; Doran), is a wise and racy written treatise for the not-too-green amateur waterman. The author has evidently had broad experience in all three sports and, what is more unusual, has reflected upon his experience. His genuinely helpful advice has the assistance of many excellent photographs and plans.

How Animals Talk, by William J. Long (illustrated in color, 303 pages; Harper), bolsters its pseudo-scientific convictions with romance and conjures up more engaging reading from such materials as "Chumby, the Super-Sense," "The Swarm Spirit," and "Natural Telepathy" than fact permits the more scientifically-minded authors of animal books, who may recognize in this one a belated addition to their nursery shelves.

Bas, Pike, Perch and Other Game Fishes, by James A. Henshall (410 pages; Stewart & Kidd, Cincinnati), is a comprehensive manual by a veteran fisher, in scope indicated by the title and its text supplemented with numerous illustrations. A readable guide for the angler, whether with bait or artificial fly.

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The Hand of the Potter, by Theodore Dreiser (209 pages; Boni & Liveright), a "tragedy" in four acts, should suffice, by its incredibly inept construction, to remove the last doubt whether its author is capable of mastering any existing technique. Upon an authentic background of East Side family life he has presented a courageous and understanding picture of a certain kind of erotic pathology—and then has squandered his materials in a sensational plot that is as clumsy melodrama as it is arbitrary tragedy.

The Will of Song, devised in cooperation with Harry Barnhart by Percy MacKaye (70 pages; Boni & Liveright), a "dramatic service of community singing," is intended for use as a two days' festival. The poet continues to heap allegory on the heads of the people; he is a crusader trying to set up America as his holyland. Review later.

The Seven Who Slept, by A. Kingsley Porter (96 pages; Marshall Jones, Boston), is a mystery play so mysterious that the thirty-three page introduction is not sufficiently long and certainly not sufficiently expository.

Flowers in the Wind, by G. Murray Atkin (58 pages; Kennerley), is a slender sheaf of verse, sensitive and poetic in conception, graceful and delicate in imagery, but not always with a sure grasp of cadence. Mr. Atkin does not, at any rate, drape the garments of poetry upon the effigy of his own affectations.

Poems, by Theodore Maynard (169 pages; Stokes), "represents the author's own selection of such of his published verse as he wishes included in a permanent collection." The permanence of the collection will be less fostered by the poems than by the valorous and undeviating wrongness of G. K. Chesterton's adulatory preface.

Simla, by Stanwood Cobb (145 pages; Cornhill), is a narrative in verse in which the author seeks to "solve simply and well the mystery of sex" through a somewhat superficial amalgam of Oriental asceticism and "the New World love of action and love of life." Complexities of rhyme and perplexities of philosophy have been assiduously ironed out.

The Story of a Lover, Anonymous (201 pages; Boni & Liveright), is one of the extraordinary pieces of literature of recent years. Those interested in the newer literary tendencies will find in this intimate analysis of the emotions and reactions of a man toward his wife, his wife's lovers, and his own mistresses a depth of understanding that separates it widely from ordinary erotic literature. As an investigation of the nuances of human relationships it is an invaluable psychological contribution. Review later.

Mary Olivier: A Life, by May Sinclair (380 pages; Macmillan), is a searching and adroit piece of work, in which the author traces the subjective development of a woman from earliest childhood to middle age. The book deals sanely with a precocious, rather morbid mentality. Review later.

The Old Madhouse, by William De Morgan (567 pages; Holt), was completed by Mrs. De Morgan from notes left by the novelist. The art with which his last pages convey an intensive knowledge of the lives and motives of a small, intimate group of well-to-do English folk becomes evident only when it is replaced by her concluding narrative. Review later.

The Position of Peggy Harper, by Leonard Merrick (296 pages; Dutton), adds this study of stage success via brainlessness, pulchritude, and good luck to the handsome definitive edition of the novelist's works. Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's reminiscent introduction trades chiefly on the instinct for recognition. The novel itself was reviewed by Ruth McIntire in *THE DIAL* for June 6, 1918.

The Old Card, by Roland Pertwee (274 pages; Boni & Liveright), follows the career of an old-school actor through the more interesting episodes of his life. It is crisply written and offers unusually good entertainment to those with a taste for the stage. Incidentally, its picture of the theater in the English provinces is excellent realism.

Little Houses, by George Woden (275 pages; Dutton), brings to attention a new English writer of genuine ability. Cast in the mood of the *Five Towns* the story follows the general plan of Arnold Bennett and Gilbert Cannan in their happier early period. Against the drab background of an English mining town in the eighties this drama of small lives runs a vivid course sparkling with humor, deep in rich human sympathy and only slightly overcast with tragedy. There is in it an individuality and freshness which cannot fail to satisfy the reader seeking reality in his fiction.

A London Lot, by A. Neil Lyons (279 pages; Lane), makes one regret afresh that the Cockney classics of this author are so little known in America. This story, adapted from a play by the author, has to do with one Cuthbert, who left his barrow in care of his girl Cherry while he went to fight for King and Country. What Bairnsfather did in another medium Mr. Lyons has done here. It is well worth the reading for more than one reason.

The Querrilla, by Stacy Aumonier (354 pages; Century), is still another fictional portrayal of an English family and its reactions to the war. The novel has some fresh themes—for instance, the essential selfishness of a general studied unselfishness within a close group—but is almost devoid of the compact architecture and dry style that have characterized the best of the author's short stories.

Mirabelle of Pampeluna, by Colette Yver (177 pages; Scribner), is a charming story of French life, caught up for a while in the mad rush of war, then settling again to the gentler ways of the deliberate past.

The Secret of the Tower, by Anthony Hope (305 pages; Appleton), is a breathless mystery story, unusual in theme and bizarre in plot. It starts briskly and develops rapidly; the climax is startling and uncanny. Amid the suspense, the author finds space for adept character portrayal and flashes of humor.

The Best Ghost Stories, introduction by Arthur B. Reeve (217 pages; Boni & Liveright), embodies a supernatural assault to chill the blood on a wintry night. The collection ranges from De Foe and Bulwer-Lytton to Kipling and Blackwood.

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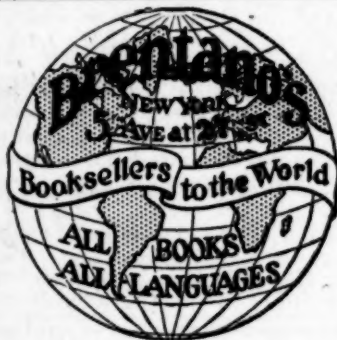
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Yellow Men Sleep, by Jeremy Lane (343 pages; Century), is a barefaced thriller, lurid and illogical, but with inventive and descriptive vigor so neatly applied that the momentum of sheer curiosity carries one past even the author's assurance that persons fatally stabbed become "quite dead."

Partners of the Out-Trail, by Harold Bindloss (344 pages; Stokes), is the routine story of adventure originating in the Canadian wilds. It approximates reality about as authentically as the scenic railway in the amusement park approximates nature.

Their Mutual Child, by Pelham Grenville Wodehouse (284 pages; Boni & Liveright), rolls art, eugenics, finance, and domestic complications into one pellet and coats it in a brisk, humorous narrative style. And whenever the somewhat conventional material threatens to lag, Mr. Wodehouse understands how to freshen it up with caricature.

Just Jemima, by J. J. Bell (190 pages; Revell), is another of the author's dialect stories. A Scotch servant in a boarding house tells about herself, her love affair, and the guests. Jemima's personality hovers between the necessity for being dull enough to be menial, and the compulsion to be humorous enough to be readable.

Cake Upon the Waters, by Zoe Akins (224 pages; Century), is all about a light-hearted, irresponsible widow with three suitors and an inheritance. To complete her conquests she captures a nice burglar and reforms him in five minutes of chatty dialogue. A fluffy romance, smoothly powdered.

Lo, and Behold Yel, by Seumas MacManus (290 pages; Stokes), jocular Irish folk tales colloquially told, are monotonously dependent for plot on trickery and wit of a primitive sort.

Mr. Dooley on Making a Will and Other Necessary Evils (221 pages; Scribner), enables that immortal Irishman, whose tongue has lost none of its cunning, to make too tardy acknowledgement to Mr. Hennessy—"a man who cud listen."

On Uncle Sam's Water Wagon, by Helen Watkeys Moore (222 pages; Putnam), is adequately disclosed in the title. It contains five hundred soft drink recipes. It may appeal to those who find stimulation in numbers.

In the Sweet Dry and Dry, by Christopher Morley and Bart Haley (168 pages; Boni & Liveright), puts an antic disposition on the present dispensation, and like the old lady in the Barrie playlet, cherishes the cork in lieu of the liquid. The humor is broad—a brew, rather than a distillation—but a heady libation to the gods of absurdity.

A Selected Educational List

The following is THE DIAL's selection of the most notable fall issues and announcements in the theory and practice of education. Reprints, new editions, textbooks, very technical books, and works of reference have been omitted. The list is compiled from data submitted by the publishers, and it covers the season from July 1, 1919, to January 1, 1920. The references between brackets are to notices in this issue:

Letters to Teachers. By Hartley Burr Alexander. 263 pages. Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. [Page 343].
New Schools for Old. By Evelyn Dewey. 337 pages. E. P. Dutton Co. [Page 343].
Comparative Education. Edited by Peter Sandiford. 500 pages. E. P. Dutton Co. [Page 343].
The English Elementary School. By A. W. Newton. 299 pages. Longmans, Green Co. [Page 343].

French Educational Ideals of Today. Edited by Ferdinand Buisson and Frederic Ernest Farrington. 326 pages. World Book Co. [Page 262].

Problems of the Secondary Teacher. By William Jerusalem. Translated by Charles F. Sanders. 253 pages. Richard G. Badger, Boston. [Page 262].

Carnegie Femina. By J. McKeen Cattell. 203 pages. Science Press. [Page 255].

Principles of Sociology with Educational Applications. By Frederick R. Clow. Macmillan Co.

Introduction to Vocational Education. By David Spence Hill. Macmillan Co.

Human Factors in Education. By James Phinney Munroe. Macmillan Co.

Public Education in the United States. By Ellwood P. Cubberley. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Education in Ancient Israel. By Fletcher H. Swift. Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

Administration of Village and Consolidated Schools. By Roy L. Finney and Alfred L. Schafer. Macmillan Co.

Teaching Home Economics. By Anna M. Cooley, Cora M. Winchell, Wilhelmina H. Spohr and Josephine A. Marshall. Macmillan Co.

Teaching by Projects. By Charles A. McMurry. Macmillan Co.

The Young Man and Teaching. By Henry Parks Wright. Macmillan Co.

Nursery School. By Margaret Macmillan. E. P. Dutton Co.

The Intelligence of School Children. By Lewis M. Terman. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Future Citizen and his Mother. By Charles Porter. E. P. Dutton Co.

The School in the Modern Church. By Henry Frederick Cope. George H. Doran Co.

Towards Racial Health. By Norah H. March. E. P. Dutton Co.

Contributors

Frederick John Teggart was born in Belfast, and is now Associate Professor of History at the University of California. He is the author of various dissertations on history, one of which, *The Process of History* (Yale University Press) was reviewed by James Harvey Robinson in THE DIAL for July 26, 1919.

Benjamin Glassberg is a graduate of the College of the City of New York and was a teacher of history in the New York schools for seven years. At one time he was Associate Editor of the *American Teacher*. Mr. Glassberg was suspended in January 1919 for saying that we were "not getting the truth about Russia." He was later found guilty and discharged.

Emma Heller Schumm is a native of Wisconsin, and a graduate of the University of Wisconsin. She has translated several books from German into English, and has been an occasional contributor to radical journals.

Maxwell Anderson received his bachelor's degree at the University of North Dakota and his master's at Stanford. He has taught in various institutions, secondary and collegiate, and he is now on the editorial staff of a New York newspaper.

Morris Gilbert, after graduating from Union College in 1917, served as Ensign in the United States Navy, and is now engaged in relief work in Armenia. He has published a volume of undergraduate verse and has contributed poems to several magazines.

The author of the paper on *Industrial Education in the Arsenals* is an official who has been connected with the experiment.

The other contributors to this issue have previously written for THE DIAL.

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